

PUNCH JULY 20 1960

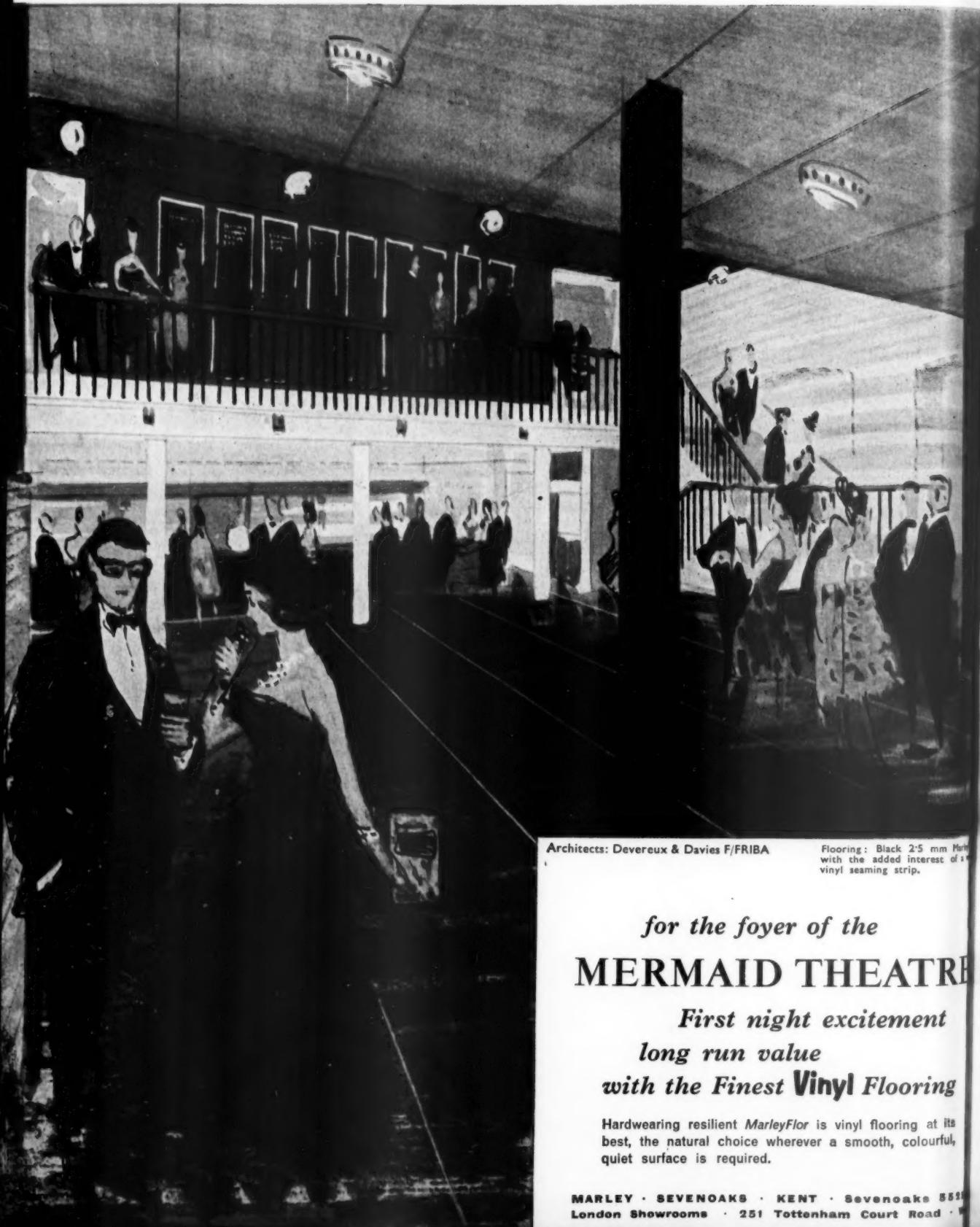
VOL. CCCXVII

Punch

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AUG 2 1960





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PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXIX No. 6252
July 20 1960



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The London Charivari

THERE is a strange fascination about those sects and societies that from time to time withdraw themselves to a place apart to await the end of the world. But one hears too little of them afterwards. When the great day has drawn to its disappointing close do they break up in disorder and, their faith destroyed, take to riotous living? Does the High Priest or Leader simply put up a notice "Postponed—A Revised Date will be Announced Shortly"? Or do they somehow convince themselves that the world *has ended* as arranged, and that the rest of us are under a delusion of continued existence? This last seems the better plan. Nothing holds a sect together like sticking to a dogma, whatever happens. Ask the Labour Party.

Nerve War

I SHUDDER for some of these television reporters. They go to far lands, interview everybody who can speak English, then sum up standing in the heart of a howling mob, or failing that, in the middle of the busiest street



they can find. I am unable to concentrate on what they say because I am convinced that they are within an inch of their comeuppance. Occasionally they walk to and fro talking to somebody in a quiet garden, but that is just as bad, because I expect them any

moment to trip over the flex and finish up among the goldfish. There's a lot to be said for a quiet talk from a desk.

Tickets, etc., Please

THE news that 26,000 people have already been "decertified" under the Mental Health Act 1959 has its disconcerting aspects. One of these, to my mind, is that with such large numbers of the population holding (in

"come outside")



effect) certificates of sanity, the time may come when they will become a part of each individual's enforced documentation. Perhaps we should search our hearts in good time, and ask ourselves whether we should qualify.

Tears, Idle Tears

IN many respects Mr. Leonard Squirrel, chairman of the joint union committee of the three London power stations where 340 men went on strike last week, closely resembles the Walrus. "My heart bleeds for the travelling public," he said. ("I weep for you, I deeply sympathize.") "I hear things are getting chaotic," he said. ("It seems a shame to play them such a trick.") But neither the Walrus nor the Carpenter did all that Mr. Squirrel did. "To-night when I go to bed I shall pray that this nightmare will soon be over," he said.

KENNEDY FOR PRESIDEN^T



"It is not how young a man is that matters, but how old he feels."

Swings and Roustabouts

WHEN the firm manufacturing a drug which will tame tigers, cure alcoholics, ease the pain of stomach disorders and soothe mental patients asks for it not to be available to the public, one can't help asking what the catch is. Selecting the most uncharitable explanation at random, I suppose it could be that the gain to the chemists in selling anti-violence pills would be more than offset by their loss in the falling sales of arnica, aspirin, iodine, splints, bandages, and so on.

Original Syntax

A SINISTER thing is happening to verbs; they are becoming attached to public figures, in the same sort of way that adjectives used to be in Homer's day, when Odysseus was always wily and Menelaus remained tow-haired long after he'd gone thin on top. Adlai Stevenson and the verb "to quip" is an example: "'Mr. Truman seems to be guilty of indecisiveness,' quipped Mr. Stevenson," says my paper. It does not sound like a quip to my ears. K. warns, Ike blasts, Mac pleads and de Gaulle proclaims most of the time already, and soon they'll be incapable of doing anything else. Perhaps it won't be too bad. At least we'll know where we are.

These Names Spell Confidence

SO the Registrar of Building Societies may be given power to restrain new societies from using "undesirable" names. Possibly it is right to prevent four people with £20 between them from trading as the Commonwealth and Universal Building Society, but where is the line to be drawn? Must all societies be named after chaste garden suburbs? Surely we can have names which suggest impregnability, integrity and vigilance, or alternatively, the names of Top Beasts (lion and eagle have been bagged, but try phoenix). Let not the Registrar condemn such noble adjectives as Perpetual, Permanent, Equitable, Amicable and Prudential, or nobody will invest anything.

The Object of the Exorcism

I DON'T suppose much harm is done by a good, honest down-to-earth exorcist such as an apple-cheeked woman I met in the Fens a while ago trying to get rid of a poltergeist (thought to be driving a mischievous little girl) by putting nail parings and hair clippings of the suspect in a bottle with apple pips and then consigning the lot to the flames, to go pop: cue for exit by demon. It's more subtle stuff that the House of Laity have been condemning. Psychiatrists are the modern casters out of devils and they have just been allowed to send home a dog cured of its



"One dozen or two?"

STATE OF THE UNIONS

The final article in this series will be contributed next week by
LORD BIRKETT

evil spirit without a wry word from the Church Assembly.

Just Coming, Sir

THE report of a binge for school managers, to which the staff were not invited, describes the menu as "Ham, salad, tomatoes, strawberry trifle, cheeses, with wine to follow." I am not clear whether the V.I.P.s got the chore of eating out of the way first so that they could settle down to serious drinking or whether the wine was served as the crowning course, the rest of the meal being mere build-up. More probably it was another of those dilatory wine-waiters.

Modernish

"I'M afraid it's only semi-contemporary," said the saleswoman in the china department. I assumed she did not mean you took the whole span of human history and divided by two to find the date of the style. I suppose she could have meant it was last year's model, not so utterly out of date as to embarrass me before my friends, but frankly not what the smart set were buying in 1960; but nowadays the word "contemporary" seems to have lost any connection with time. It simply means a design which has got out of the *avant garde* magazines and into general use. "Semi-contemporary" must mean that if you had a very thick pile of magazines it would be illustrated in the bottom one.

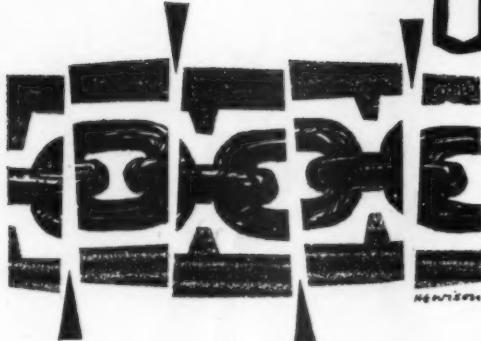
Stand By to Board

I WAS interested in the report from Willmar, Minnesota, describing how a light aircraft took off empty and unaided and flew for half an hour before crashing, during which time its pilot "pursued it in another aircraft." He didn't catch it, but can anyone tell me what he meant to do if he did?

— MR. PUNCH



STATE OF THE UNIONS



6



The author is a Fellow of Balliol and a Lecturer on Economics

LESS - By THOMAS BALOGH

WE have never had it so good. There is no doubt about that; but most other countries have had it better. Russia in the last ten years advanced at a rate 3½—5 times faster than we. Germany and France perhaps 2½—3 times as fast. This would not be so bad if our relative slowness did not undermine our political influence and, in the long run, was not bound to menace our material prosperity. What most people in Britain forget is that since 1951 a large part, perhaps as much as half, of our affluence has resulted directly from the fall of the prices of food and raw materials. This fall, while helping us, has of course aggravated the problems and misery of the poorer countries. If those prices went up again, and kept going up (and the rapidly increasing productivity of most industrial countries, far surpassing Britain's, makes such a trend seem likely), we should be in actual danger of impoverishment if we could not accelerate our own advance. Yet Britain's influence is badly needed, and it could be towards tolerance and patience only if an equitable improvement of our own material standards were assured.

In all these matters the trade unions, with their new influence, are bound to play a decisive part. I am sure Mr. Woodcock is right in saying that:

In this post-war world employers generally have done as well as, or better than, most workpeople as the result of increased profits, more assured earnings and greater security for capital.

But it is also true that we have been driven into a position where investment and the increase in productivity are proving increasingly deficient; and Mr. Jo Grimond made a shrewd point when he said that the unions got a great deal of the blame for our economic malaise:

They believe the Government of a good deal of trouble by keeping a fair measure of industrial peace and sweet reason (there are far fewer strikes per thousand workers in this country than in the U.S.A.). At the same time like a lightning conductor they earth all the public anger over restrictive practices, strikes and high prices in the trembling bosom of the Labour Party.

For their sake, and to secure the future of the country, these problems must be discussed candidly, and the unions should admit that their structure and policy need reform as much as the Government itself. I have no doubt that Mr. Woodcock is right in saying

I do not, however, understand why some of the most relentless opponents of State interference in industry are now demanding that the Government should abandon or modify the objective of full employment and restrain the power of trade unions by legislation.

But it is not sufficient to protest against unilateral discrimination, especially legal discrimination, against the trade unions. A constructive alternative is needed, a new policy that would lead to faster growth and greater strength.

When a Government or a trade union official begins to blame Communist subversion for riots or wild strikes in which a great number of seemingly unfanatical citizens are involved one's instinctive reaction is to look for some other reason to explain the rot. This suspicion might be very unjust to the Establishment, but, whether it is directed against Dr. Syngman Rhee or Mr. Bill Carron, it usually works. It must be admitted, however, that the trade union leadership has been faced with an uncommonly awkward problem.

Once a proscribed conspiracy, the unions have become, by accelerating stages, a fully recognized part of the ruling Establishment. Indeed it can be argued that the revolutionary

change in the position of trade unions dates back only to the second world war. When Mr. Sam Watson exclaims "we have arrived" (a little nostalgically perhaps, at the passing of the bad old days, when all were united in idealistic fervour) he is only too right. And because of the accumulating new problems, which seem so intractable, union leaders may be tempted to think of themselves as they were even fifty years ago—weak representatives of a downtrodden class. It is therefore perhaps not astonishing that trade union leaders have not yet adapted themselves to their new position, nor faced the new problems which it has created. The problems are the more awkward as they affect the relations of trade unions with their own members as much as with society as a whole, and as they affect the working of the economic machine. They are at the heart of the malaise of the non-Soviet world.

The political importance of preventing a rise in prices can no longer be doubted. Inflation has brought down governments in America and Britain. Relative price-stability achieved since 1957 is one of the Conservatives' main claims for support on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Macmillan was brilliant in timing the election of 1959: he chose the one month which followed the only half-year when production was increasing again but not yet pushing prices up. Jack was only too justified to feel all right. Yet Mr. Macmillan has solved the problem of domestic price-stability no better than President Eisenhower, whose insistent calls for balanced budgets and deflationary policies represent a primitive repudiation of the complexities of modern economics.

The frenzied efforts of *laissez-faire* economists to prove that this rise in prices was due to excess monetary demand, and could be dealt with by monetary policy, have come to nothing. Developments since 1955 have proved conclusively that it was the pressure of costs and not the pull of demand that was the fundamental cause of price increases. The cost of living has continued to rise in the United States, and domestic costs have continued to rise in this country, in spite of the dear money and the recessions.

There is no need to assume the existence of excess demand in order to show that trade union claims inevitably lead to a rise in prices if they exceed the rise in productivity. It would suffice if entrepreneurs thought, as indeed they could not fail to think, that individual wage demands are part of a

general wave, for these demands to be self-justifying. The advance in wages would be its own justification.

Price stability then depends on the creation of fear and uncertainty or on an increase in productivity fast enough to accommodate wage demands, or on conscious policy.

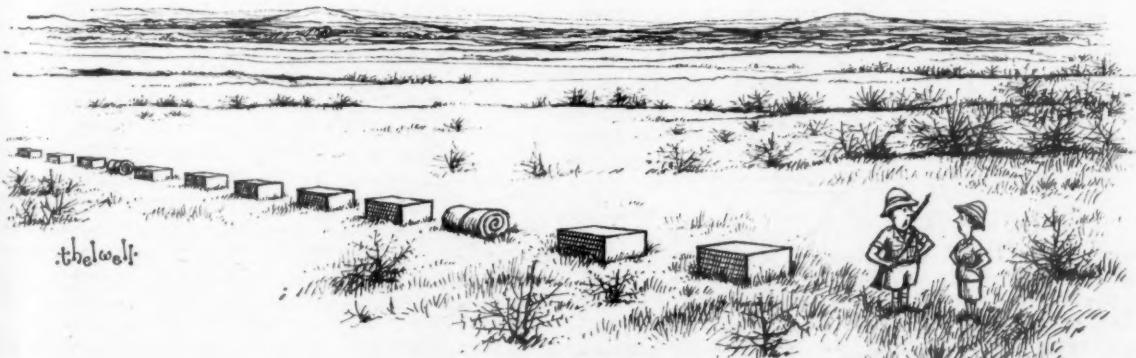
Mr. Woodcock in his article was prescient in emphasizing that

"The greatly improved industrial strength and standing of workpeople is principally an effect of full employment."

On this level of sociological insight, economic instability, slumps and unemployment, far from being a useless waste, assume an important—indeed essential—role in a system which rejects conscious Government intervention. So long as slumps were naturally recurrent and the fear of unemployment was always round the corner the power of employers' resistance to wage demands could, though at times uneasily, mitigate the pressure on prices. This must now be done consciously. Thus in order to be convincing, the creation of uncertainty about the future must be repeated periodically, preferably at irregular intervals. If the Government, once a slump or recession has begun, comes to the rescue and restores full employment, future threats of unemployment will have to be repeated with increasing force to be effective, because a repetition of the Government intervention restoring prosperity will also be expected and the threat loses its force. It is ominous that the successive 1949, '53 and '57 recessions in America have been increasingly marked in intensity.

A degree of price stability since 1958 has thus been purchased at the price of relative stagnation at home and of the plight of the strategically vital poor areas of the non-committed world abroad. This represents altogether too high a price for uncertain relief from rising prices. On the basis of this policy British growth within the non-Soviet orbit and the growth of the non-Soviet orbit in relation to the Soviet certainly cannot be accelerated. But unless we can combine stability and full growth, Soviet productivity will overtake Britain in the early 'sixties and overtake America in the middle 'seventies.

It cannot be repeated too often that an acceleration of economic growth is essential if Britain's position in the West, and the West's position in the competitive coexistence with Russia, are to be safeguarded.



"I'd forgotten that they'd achieved their independence as from to-day."

This conclusion is reinforced by an argument on a deeper psychological and sociological plane. A system which must rely for stability on consciously causing unemployment, hardship and insecurity to a large minority of the population, and which thrives on change, obsolescence and conspicuous waste, must arouse feelings of aggression, fear and envy.

Our most important claim for the support of the large poor uncommitted areas to the world is, without doubt, a moral one. Should it fail because of the deficient working of our system our influence is likely to be endangered, the more so because to the uncertainty of our moral case there will be added relative technical-economic failure in face of the Soviet challenge.

It is not surprising to me that the liberal writers represented in this symposium on trade unions could not come near to facing these problems. To little-England parochialism is added a rather naive trustfulness in the success of economic freedom as we know it. Mr. Woodcock is entirely right in resisting unilateral State intervention directed against the trade unions. What is needed is a double-pronged attack. Investment must be increased to accelerate the rise in productivity. This increase would strengthen the ability to satisfy wage demands without price increases. On the other hand, wage demands must be mitigated, first to permit an increase in investment and subsequently, and to a much lesser degree, to keep them within the bounds of the increased productivity. Taxation and budget policy would therefore have to be readjusted to secure both social justice and higher net saving.

Much remains to be done by the trade unions. Both in the U.S. and in Great Britain they have substantially increased domestic, social and economic tension. Trade unions have continued, in both countries, to be vertically centralized without sufficient horizontal industrial co-ordination. Thus, on the one hand the giant organizations, with tight control over national wage bargaining, have lost their old emotional hold over the rank and file. On the other hand, apart from a few industries, the horizontal representation of labour in the factories is broken up into a number, often a large number, of unions. There are two consequences, both incompatible with conscious planning for accelerated growth, stability and industrial peace. In the first place it becomes inevitable to entrust shop stewards with the application of national agreements at factory level. Thus centrifugal forces in the giant organizations are powerfully reinforced. In the second place trade union leadership, because of the size of the unions, and often because of the indirectness of elections, becomes less representative of the rank and file. The suspicions of the latter are kept smouldering by the increasing professional solidarity between their own representatives and the bosses. Militancy, moreover, has become the obvious avenue for the ambitious rank-and-file unionist. These contrary interests and pulls within the multiplicity of trade unions dealing with the same industry must create an economically dangerous position. The leaders must prove themselves by showing militancy to check new leaders from rising to the top. The price they have to pay is inflation and unpopularity. Only a conscious wages policy provides a way out.

Trade unions, however, are in an invidious position. They fear that co-ordination in wage determination will undermine their authority. This fear has been immensely strengthened by the suggestions which have lately been voiced freely, that there should be unilateral wage restraint enforced, either through legislation or deflation and unemployment, while business- and land- and house-owners are enabled or encouraged to use all opportunities for gain. Nevertheless economic statesmanship demands that the trade unions should take the initiative.

The conclusion seems irresistible: the present trend in the opulent part of the non-Communist world will lead towards technical and economic inferiority and spiritual weakness in the face of the Communist challenge. It may well be that a relapse to barbarous repression or ruthless duplicity, of which the Communists have so often given proof, will restore our morale by sheer negative revulsion. It would not be advisable to rely on the vices and errors of the opponent to sustain one's own cause. The apparent failure of public opinion and, of course, the Government and its expert advisers to recognize even the existence of these problems, and to admit the urgency of their solution, is matched by the incomprehension of the so-called revisionists of the Labour Party—the image merchants—who think that policy should be made on the basis of public opinion polls rather than that public opinion polls should be dominated by resolute policy-making. Their analysis of the present position is as wrong as their blaming the trade unions for their own unpopularity is unjust.



Next week:
LORD BIRKETT sums up



"I have to inform you that you have been sent to Coventry."

Road to the White House

By H. F. ELLIS

THE only way to follow this road, and retain some semblance of sanity, is backwards.

On December 19th, 1960, then, the new President of the United States will be elected. The widespread belief that this event will occur on November 8th is erroneous. What happens on November 8th—or more correctly “the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November,” as laid down by a Congressional Law of 1845—is that the electors are elected. It is true that, since the electors are elected in virtue of their known support for a given candidate, their election gives a valuable clue to the final result; but the fact remains that it is not until “the first Monday after the second Wednesday in December” (which is December 19th on this occasion) that the electors cast their votes to decide who shall be President. The manner in which they perform this duty is clearly laid down in the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution.

“The Electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for

President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall . . .”

But whoa! The President of the Senate does nothing until January 6th—a day chosen, I imagine, as being the first Friday after the last Saturday in the preceding year—when he

“shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President.”

That is plain enough. The President of the Senate (who happens to be Mr. Nixon) proclaims the name of the

President-elect (who might happen to be Mr. Nixon), and a bare fortnight later, on January 20th—not so much because that happens to be the second Friday after the first Friday after the last Saturday in the preceding year as because the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution leaves no choice in the matter—the new President assumes office.

Who, then, are these Electors, who ballot so secretly on the first Monday after the second Wednesday in December to elect a President some six weeks after his triumph has been announced, hymned, bemoaned, cartooned, dissected and commented upon by every newspaper, politician, comic artist and “student of affairs” throughout the civilized world? Article II of the Constitution is explicit, up to a point :

“Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of Electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative or person

holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed an elector."

A little more is known about them than this. It is ascertainable that they number 537, that they are elected, as electors, not individually but in party blocks, by a majority vote in their States and that together they form an Electoral College which never meets. But as to the manner in which they are elected or selected by their Parties as candidates for election as electors, or as to what kind of men they are or how much honour attaches to their station, I can discover nothing—save, by deduction, that their primary qualification must be the ability to resist the temptation, on the first Monday after the second Wednesday in December, to cause the biggest hoo-ha in the history of the United States by voting as they see fit and not as instructed. I can find nothing in the Constitution to prevent an Elector from naming as President Mr. Edwin R. Murrow or any other American citizen over thirty-five years of age who has been resident for fourteen years*, and if all the Electors would get together and agree on a surprising name, any time between November 8th and December 19th, they could administer a very salutary lesson to people who take too much for granted. The fact that all Electors have resisted this

*The Constitution actually says "a natural born citizen." So Mr. P. G. Wodehouse is out.

temptation since 1800 seems to me to brand them as the most mean-spirited, toadying, humourless bunch of parasites that ever balloted on a Monday.

It is almost a relief to turn to the Delegates. The reader will all along have been aware that as we trace our steps along the road back from the White House the terrifying obstacle of the Conventions must sooner or later confront us. We shall tackle it with vigour and sympathy.

The Constitution knows nothing of Conventions, since the Founding Fathers did not envisage Parties. But once parties had arisen it was clear that each side must have some means of agreeing upon a candidate for the Presidency. The American solution of this problem is for each party to assemble somewhere around 1500 delegates from the fifty States who yell, orate, wear comic hats, swap dark horses in midstream, start landslides, jump on bandwagons, and from time to time ballot in a hall so richly hung with Stars and Stripes and so fraught with balloons that their patriotism is as unquestionable as their sense of mission. The system works well, and by about the fourth day produces a candidate whom all acclaim.

Who, then, are these Delegates in whose hands rests the choice of the candidate and ultimately (in one Convention at least) of the President? What manner of men are they, and how

chosen? Nobody tells me. Once every four years they emerge from the darkness, dance their brief, mad mayfly dance, not excluding the blowing of trumpets, and retire again into obscurity. One can judge them only on what one hears, but since any delegation may be required to vote first with frenzied enthusiasm for a favourite son, then to switch *en bloc* to a dark horse, and finally to rush like maddened sheep into whatever pen seems likely to contain the majority of their fellows, it seems fair to say that it must be a work of some delicacy to find fifteen hundred such men in all the length and breadth of America. Still, it is dangerous to draw harsh conclusions on insufficient evidence. It may well be that many delegates sober down in their later years and are eventually thought fit to become Electors.

The reader will now be anxious, as we trace the long road back from the White House, to have the Primaries straightened out for him. But one must beware of overtaxing the brain. The primaries, after all, are over. Their number diminishes with each Presidential election. And I have also to report, not without a strong shudder, that in the researches incidental to the preparation of this paper I came across a casual mention of "pre-primaries." One does not want to get involved in an infinite regress.

There and Back

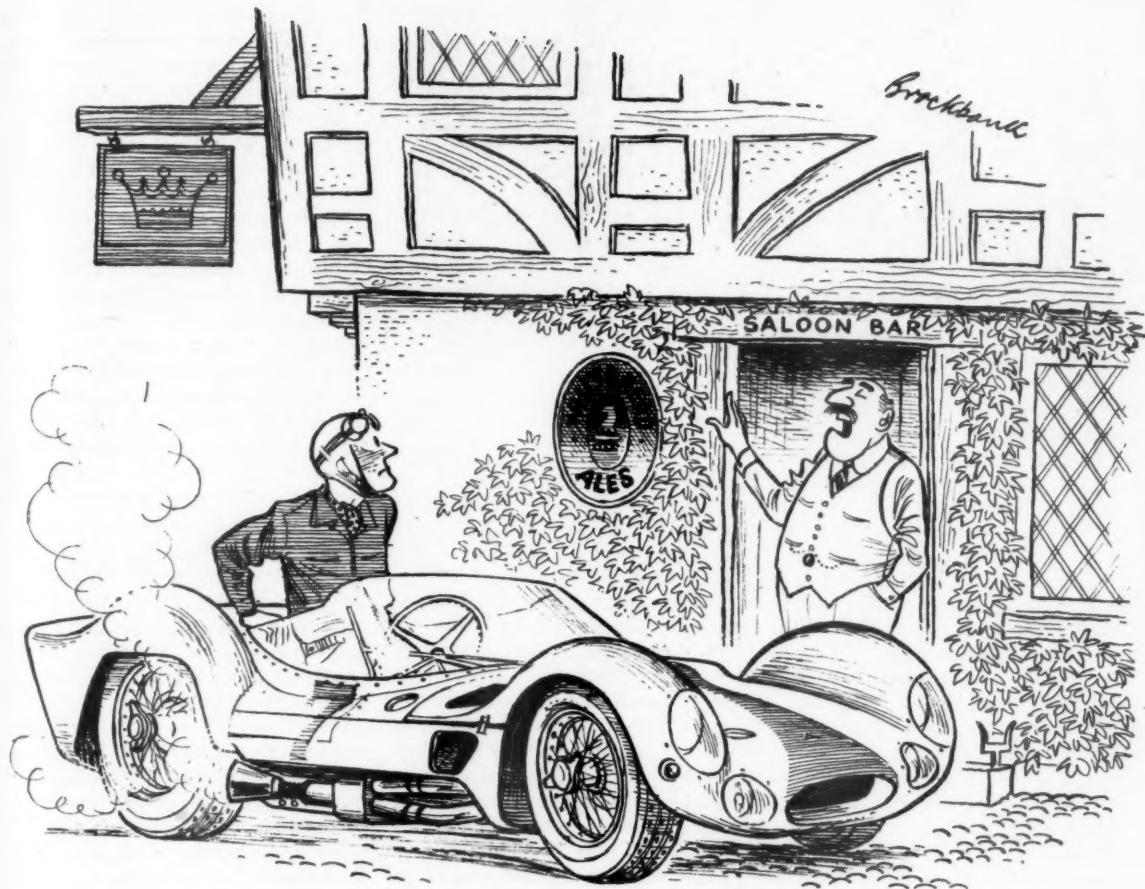
ALL the way there we were bullied by coaches
All brimful of Outings, all aimed at the sea;
They tore down the by-pass pursuing each other
So closely that no car could pass and get free.
Some drew into lay-bys and paused for a moment
While passengers got out to down bottled beer.
(At ten in the morning, in high wind and drizzle,
Co-operative jollity, communal cheer.)
But other great coaches roared always before us
Relentlessly thrusting their way to the sea.

So, cowed by the violence, and torn by the sadness,
Back home, across country, we drove the next day.
There, slow through the summer lanes
Narrow with summer greens,
We were rewarded with roses,
Wild roses,
Wild roses rewarded us—
Most of the way.

— JOYCE GRENFELL



"What do you mean, a speculator? I bought it to grow bungalows."



"I'm sure my directors won't allow me to serve anything to a chap driving a thing like that."

End of Term By R. G. G. PRICE

THE traditional picture of breaking up shows boys rushing away from the premises like small mammals before a forest fire; but in real life one of the difficulties of masters on duty on the last day is making sure the buildings are boy-free. Boarders either sit about on their trunks until they are collected by car or are marched off to school trains; but day-boys go home every day anyway so they hang about, swinging to and fro on their bicycles and showing emancipated resentment when asked to leave. Sometimes there is a cult of hanging on until the last possible moment. Inverted truants hide down by the boilers and feel they are helping

to get the staff's holidays off to a bad start. Where homes are constricted, boys haunt the school buildings during the holidays and caretakers, or even the families of resident headmasters, keep on the alert to drive them away, like Betsy Trotwood and the donkeys.

This literary reference, although made without *arrière-pensée*, neatly leads me to the difficulty of getting boys to return library-books in time for stock-taking. I tended to be in charge of libraries rather than of first elevens or orchestras or the corps, and I found during the last days of term that my difficulties ranked pretty low in the sympathies of the Common Room. Men who were being

held back from ten sets of French grammar papers by having to produce *L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Le Parle* in home-made period costume did not care for being badgered to make some boy in their form return *Great Tales of the Prize-Ring* and *Brighton Rock*. I had to rely on dodging into other men's rooms at the beginning or end of lessons, like some scholarly process-server, and the more I was out of my own room the more sharply the situation there would deteriorate.

End of term means reports and exams, which are mainly a matter of hard work and being determined not to get held up by doubts, and marks,



which in some schools can mean not merely totals but statistics: there are schools where men teaching gentle, cultural subjects have to master the use of the slide-rule. I was generally fortunate enough to have at least one boy in my form who could do arithmetic and, if the worst came to the worst, flattery would extract a display of high-speed numeracy from the mathematical staff.

It also means farewell entertainments for colleagues. Retirement is easy to deal with—presentation, drinks, chaff about letting the freed slave take a detention-period whenever he is feeling bored. Things get more subtle when the man has moved up to a better job or has been sacked and with difficulty found a billet in a small private school, where he probably has to put on a green baize apron and wait on the proprietor's wife. (Sometimes these partings can be emotional. I once came out into a summer evening after a farewell beer with a man who turned to me with a sentimental smile and said "It is nice to have been out with you for the last time.") Sometimes the man is entertained by colleagues who do not know he has left booby-traps behind him, usually pieces of staff-gossip leaked to boys in last-minute chats. I remember one more ingenious revenge. The leaver simply impressed on his pupils that the textbook they would be using next year was out of date and it was essential to check every fact with

the man taking them in the light of up-to-date research.

The formal proceedings that mark the transition from work to play vary widely. Sometimes term ends with the bang of a prize-giving and long lists of names being read out and a weary speech by some civic dignitary, whose secretary accepted the invitation for him, or by a distinguished old boy. In this case the boys have to have it explained to them why they ought to have heard of him. The best you can hope for in a prize-giving is that the headmaster will reveal exciting plans for the future or that you win the sweep on the length of his speech.

I once taught in a school where each form was visited in turn by the headmaster and broken up personally. You could hear him in the distance working his way down the school and with each outburst of three cheers your own pupils became more fretful. As all books and stationery had been tidied away and no disciplinary processes still operated, keeping the term unbroken until the arrival of the expert hand was difficult. There was a legend that he had once forgotten a form, who sat on and on after everybody else had gone home. It was hard to convince the boys that this had not happened again. "Surely," they would say, "he must have finished." Boys sensitive to the nuances of relaxed discipline would say "Even he . . ." Reading aloud seemed a good idea, until you realized that no story would

hold its auditors if they hoped not to be there to hear the *dénouement*. Once, feeling a bit light-headed after sitting up most of the night doing paperwork, I improvised comic patter, as the headmaster sounded quite near. Then he drifted away, as he tended to do, and I was left with a form that considered I ought to be able to keep on and on, like radio shows, which they assumed to be the fruit of improvisation. When my flagging invention finally ground to a halt they sang, like a concert party giving the comic a breather. A parent who had arrived to collect one of them glared in at the door as though regretting he had paid the fees.

In a boarding school it is difficult to get away yourself. After marking and trying to keep boys quiet while they are waiting to learn their marks there is no energy left for chasing missing laundry or settling the paper bill or arranging for your trunk to be collected. Unless the school helps by extruding you, you may easily sit about for hours or even days. I see now I ought always to have gone by the school train myself, but I think I must have been secretly apprehensive that the atmosphere aboard might be unbridled. Threats like "If you are heating that pair of compasses for me I must remind you that in a mere two months we meet again" would hold back only the exceptional boy who had a real grasp of the future. In any case, the train would be carrying a number of boys who were not going to reappear. I know there was always the communication cord and I could omit to turn in my whistle; but a press report of court proceedings might well have done me professional harm.

Of course, during the slow unwinding of the holidays one's mind moves from the intensely local to the vaguely general, from boys and matches and form orders to books and public affairs. You begin to read for pleasure, not just to provide stiffening for a lesson. You may not have enough money to turn the holiday into a whirl of pleasure; but there is solace in noticing on a Sunday afternoon walk that you are not accompanied by twenty boys, knowing it ought to be twenty-three. In time the batteries recharge and it is quite surprising to find how much you are looking forward to getting back. But that is a September mood and quite inconceivable in late July.

The Music's not for Listening

By E. S. TURNER

WITH the eager assistance of the Postmaster-General, factories and offices in Britain are being wired for "a scientifically planned music programme designed to make the day run smoothly and happily." This music is "intended to be heard, but not listened to."

Those are the words of the purveyors of Muzak, who began to operate in Britain, less than a year ago, under the wing of Associated Television. The firm asserts that its programmes aid concentration and offset both physical and mental fatigue, thus preventing unsightly sags in the production graph (by pure coincidence, the makers of chewing gum make similar claims).

From a Regent Street studio taped programmes of Muzak are fed by private lines to factories and offices in Greater London and the Midlands, and will soon be penetrating the Manchester area. Present beneficiaries include the underwater swimmers in a London pool (they say you can hear better under water) and the spectators on the viewing platform of a building project.

Muzak, the biggest operator in this field, was born in America in 1936, but not much was heard about industrial music until the second world war. In Britain, Ernest Bevin introduced "Music While You Work," an amenity which solaced, among others, those conscripted housewives who were already addicts of background music. In America, factory music inspired confident headlines like "BEETHOVEN HELPS BUILD BOMBERS."

After the war, in America, background music spread from industry to department stores, to offices, to police stations, to funeral parlours, to atomic submarines, to West Point. It lifted the "institutional chill" from banks and art galleries. It sprayed a gentle anaesthetic over men and women in strait-jackets and in dentists' chairs. It stilled the grumbling of husbands in supermarkets and is thought to have stimulated "impulse buying." It encouraged blissful giving in milking parlours and hen batteries. Such was the craze for specialized mood music that publishers

put out record albums for the home with titles like *Music For Waking*, *Music For Meditation*, *Music For Washing And Ironing*, *Music For Courage And Confidence*, *Music For Reading*, *Music To Change Her Mind* (followed inevitably, if naughtily, by *Music For Tired Lovers*) and *Music To Break A Lease*.

Muzak does not cater for so many delicately specialized occasions as do

the mood albums. Its main spheres of influence are in heavy industry, light industry, offices and reception areas (which include restaurants, shops and hairdressers' salons). In all its programmes a number of negative rules apply. There must be no "vocals," which would encourage people to strain after the words; no solo instruments, as these also tend to hold the attention; no action songs, since managements



"After all those weeks of correspondence about whether their beach was polluted."

would not be amused by outbreaks of handclapping during "Deep In The Heart Of Texas"; and, if possible, no songs less than two years old, since topical top pops would only encourage workers to commit the unforgivable sin of listening. In America there is said to be a prejudice against hymns, which will kill production "quicker than a fire gong."

Programmes are emotionally balanced according to the time of day. In factories and offices a "lift" is planned to coincide with the mid-morning and mid-afternoon periods, when freedom seems far away. This stimulus is applied, not by crude injections of Sousa, but by taking an appropriate melody and craftily manipulating the rhythm, tempo and instrumentation, or increasing the size of the orchestra. As a generalization, industry requires plenty of brass and percussion, whereas office music calls for strings and wood-winds. Young women like their music loud—loud enough, if they can get it, for snapping fingers and wagging bottoms. To discourage orgiastic behaviour the

Muzak consultant sets the volume low and puts the control knob under the supervisor's desk.

Eating and drinking music is also phased according to the time of day. There is a cocktail programme from five to six, followed by mellower, sweeter, digestive music from six to nine.

One hundred and fifty-nine orchestras are privileged to record for Muzak in America. Their output goes before a board who classify the items as suitable for this or that programme at this or that time of day. Could it be that one day all those orchestras will be replaced by one electronic brain punching out formula music?

Even when night shifts are not worked, many a factory will take the twenty-four hours' service of Muzak. There are repair staffs to be kept euphoric and the dawn squad of charwomen expect, and are beginning to demand, music for scrubbing and sluicing. Muzak is not non-stop, however; for if it was it would defeat its object as surely as continuous penicillin or continuous pornography.

Both in America and Britain there is no lack of testimonials from managements who "estimate" that music has stepped up production by perhaps ten per cent or cut absenteeism by five per cent. A Chelsea hotel manager has said that music put up his bar trade a hundredfold. In a London department store a manager guessed that music had brought a twenty per cent cut in complaints in his three areas of greatest tension: the shoe-fitting and girdle-fitting departments, where women are forever fighting the facts of life, and the teenage fashion department, where there is a cleavage of taste between those who pay and those who wear. The manager of an office containing five hundred young women thought that if music could reduce his high staff turnover by even one per cent it would justify itself. In a new building society office in London there will be music in all departments except the board-room and the lavatories. Such exceptions would be regarded as incomprehensible by many American firms.

There are, of course, citizens to

Man in Apron

by *Lantz*



whom music is noise and nothing else. What will become of the craggy individualist who objects to music of any kind in the factory? Will he be treated like the man who objects to joining a union? So far, it has been left to works committees to make their own decisions for or against music. If difficulties have arisen, they have not been voiced at national level.

A few months ago Lord Conesford asked in Parliament whether B.E.A. and B.O.A.C. proposed, like certain other air lines, to subject their passengers to "compulsory background music." Was the Government aware that "the helpless victims of such noise may suffer intense discomfort?" He was told that the matter must be left to the commercial judgment of the corporations; at present, music is played only when aircraft are on the ground. Muzak claims that the right sort of travel music performs a nimble, if slightly mysterious, function in the nervous system of the inner ear and reduces liability to travel sickness; it also claims that music offsets claustrophobia. Music will thus be an essential in space travel and no one will be surprised to hear that the pioneers of rocketry are already making the appropriate experiments.

The theme is one which fairly bristles with questions for a brains trust. Does the team think it a good thing for people to be brain-washed by music all day long? Would the members care to comment on the saying by Prince Albert that "Music acts directly on the emotions and it cannot be abused, for no excess of music is injurious"? Does background music corrupt the capacity to appreciate great music? Is a man entitled to the free use of his own thoughts, or is he not? Should music be administered to children or only to consenting adults?

Meanwhile, the Boulting Brothers may care to make a new comedy of industry on the lines of "I'm All Right, Jack." This time the workers will be up in arms, not against time and motion, but against a proposal to use music as a production weapon. "Comrades," says Shop Steward Sellers, "there's a plot to quicken our pulse rates and respiration by auditory stimuli, just to jack up their dividends. What's our answer, comrades?"

Anybody can build up the story line from there.



"Very interesting, sir . . . could we borrow him for the Rag Day?"

Noise

"University Professor urgently requires Aeolian Harp. Harcourt or other style." —Advertisement in The Spectator

IT is the urgency that seems surprising.
Professors, one had thought, were used to waiting

For light years to arrive—enjoyed revising

By several centuries some vital dating.

Perhaps he fears the craze for Noise Abating;
Only last week their Lordships were inveighing
Against ice-cream chimes; next thing they'll be slating
The music some haphazard wind is playing.

The world is noisier now, there's no disguising,
Than when poor Coleridge sat in Keswick hating
His darkened mind and heard the tempest rising

Through his Aeolian lute. Roaring and grating,
Screaming across the sky and palpitating
Between our homes and hedgerows, the dismaying
Noises of now are fast exterminating

The music some haphazard wind is playing.

And yet time tempers them past all surmising.

The popple of a biplane, high, gyrating
Through ancient stunts, has become tranquillizing;

Once it meant war; now it means garden-feting.

One day, perhaps it's worth anticipating,
Car-born political loudspeakers braying

Will seem nostalgic, no more nauseating
Than music some haphazard wind is playing.

Professor, why such haste in advertising?
(I'll shout, so you can hear what I am saying).

They'll as soon outlaw such poor songs as I sing
As music some haphazard wind is playing.

— PETER DICKINSON

Our Man in America

P. G. WODEHOUSE uncovers the unexpected

ONE of those men of good will who are always trying to make this a better world to live in has just come up with a magazine article designed to give a shot in the arm to the American woman's voice, which in his opinion is far too like the sound a file makes when grating on steel, especially at cocktail parties when she raises it and talks fast. His advice to the cocktail-partying American woman is to slow down and not seem to be giving an impersonation of Donald Duck in one of his more emotional moods, for this makes her nasal. Test your vibration, he says, by holding the nose between the fingers and saying "Father Manning." You should feel no vibration except during the word "Manning," for the only three sounds that ought to make the beezer quiver are "M," "N" and "NG." If the proboscis so much as stirs on any other one it means that you are nasal.

Watch your diaphragm, he goes on. Make sure it is giving full service by placing a hand on it and saying "Boom!" If it doesn't bounce it needs strengthening, and it will be necessary for you to lie down on the floor with a heavy book on it—the diaphragm, not the floor—and shout "Home, hy, he, ho, hoy."

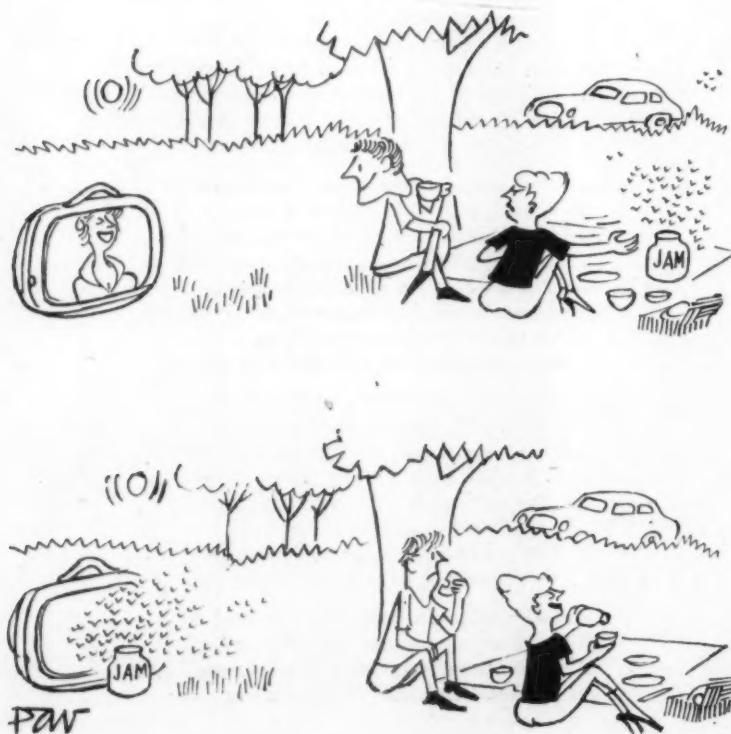
Well, I suppose it's all right, and no doubt with a little adroitness one could work "Father Manning" and "Boom" into the conversation, but I do think that even at a cocktail party, where a certain licence is traditionally permitted, eyebrows would be raised and lips pursed if you lay on the floor shouting "Home, hy, he, ho, hoy." It should, at any rate, not be done in the presence of nervous people and invalids.

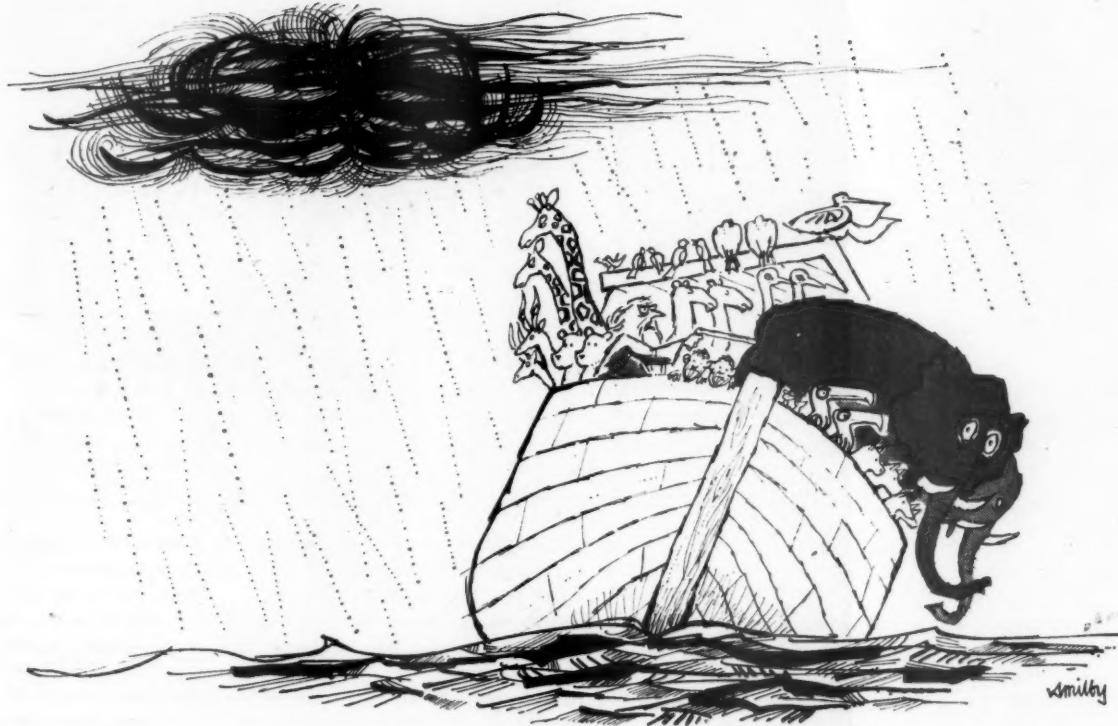
While on the subject of voices—or verses, as they would be called in Brooklyn—there is a good deal of ill-

feeling rife just now (if rife is the word I want) in Charleston, Carolina, because of the language barrier between the 60,182 residents of that beautiful city and the rest of the American nation. Charlestonians, it appears, can understand what other Americans are saying, if they talk slowly, but most Americans, when conversing with Charlestonians, don't get the gist. The fault, says Mr. Frank G. Gilbreth, who has just published the eighteenth edition of his Dictionary of Charlestoneye, lies with the latter. "Charlestonians," he says, "speak perfect English," and his view is that if you don't grab their every word off the bat you simply aren't trying. It is his opinion that only a listener very slow on the uptake can fail to gather that when a Charlestonian refers to someone of his acquaintance as "wretched" he is giving the man's formal name, he usually being called more familiarly "Dick," and that "traffic" is a eulogistic adjective applied to something stupendous like a movie that costs ten million dollars to produce. ("What did you think of *Ben Hur?*" "Traffic, simply traffic.") These wilful misunderstanders ought, he says, to be in jell, a place for the confinement of criminals.

Remsenburg, Long Island, where I live, is a pretty quiet sort of place, with nothing much happening except an occasional storm of protest when the dachshund starts digging in one of the flower beds, but in Riverhead, only seven miles away, life for the inhabitants is a series of thrills, one of which shook the citizenry like jellies only last week, when Kenneth Kraymark, Thomas Guglielmo and Gunther Seubert—what frightful names these people have, but nothing to be done about it now, I suppose—caught a thirteen and a half pound carp in the Peconic River, which runs through the town and gives it its name.

Well, when Kenneth Kraymark, Thomas Guglielmo and Gunther Seubert catch a fish they do it right, sparing no effort. They start early and finish late, taking their time. It was at 9.30 a.m.





"Hey, one of you brutes move over to starboard!"

that Kenneth hooked the monster of the deep, and 1.30 p.m. when, after Thomas had tried to catch it in his hands, Gunther shot it with his bow and arrow, which he had fortunately happened to take along with him. The carp was brought in, while thousands cheered.

But on these occasions there is always someone who strikes the jarring note. Scarcely had Gunther's arrow found its mark when Police Sergeant Chester Romanski (one of the Long Island Romanskis) pushed his way through the crowd and asked the young sportsmen if they had fishing licences. They reddened and said they hadn't, and the next thing they knew they were in the local jell, as a Charlestonian would have called it.

But dry the starting tear. There was a happy ending. Justice of the Peace Otis G. Pike, whose heart was in the right place, dismissed the case "in respect of your piscatorial prowess," and they all went off and bought licences.

Shifting to the wide-open spaces of Oklahoma, we learn that it was not a simple job taking the recent census in those parts. One census taker got his car stalled and had to hike eighteen miles to his next head-count, while another, also having car trouble, spent the night out in the open thirty-eight miles from the nearest town. A third was obliged to hurdle a fence to avoid the attentions of a bull, and, arriving on the other side and trying to avoid a rattlesnake, was bitten in the leg by a goose. It amazes these unfortunates that anyone could write of Oklahoma as enthusiastically as Rodgers and Hammerstein did in the musical comedy of that name, and there will be vacant seats in the auditorium the next time a touring company visits the towns where they live.

Not much more news this week, but you will probably want to hear about Otis Ferguson of Pensacola, Florida. There is a drug store there which offers "all the chicken you can eat for ninety-

nine cents and no charge if you eat five." Otis, who had had a light lunch and was feeling peckish, ate eleven, a local record, all the more creditable to him because he had no teeth. He had to rely solely on personal magnetism and the will to win.

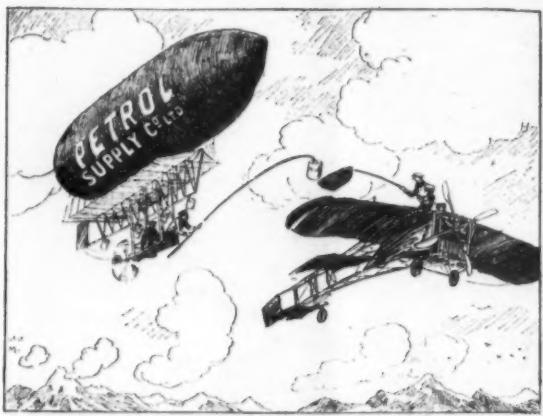
"It was kind of hard to get the meat off the bones," he told the press, when interviewed, and said he would be glad of a little bicarbonate of soda if anybody present had a spot of it on his person.

Brief Encounter

KHRUSHCHEV kissed me when
we met,
Bending o'er the pram I sat in;
I was sticky, weeping, wet—
But, reporters, don't put that in!
Say that I'm a sturdy lad,
Say that no one could resist me,
Say that I'd be happier had
Khrushchev missed me.

— E. V. MILNER

1870



THE CHIEF DIFFICULTY TO BE OVERCOME IN AVIATION IS THAT OF
RENEWING SUPPLIES OF PETROL WHILE IN THE AIR.

1909

PUNCH AS PROPHET

To celebrate our birthday (last Sunday)

R. G. G. PRICE has collected some
of the more successful prophecies
that have appeared in Punch
over the last 120 years

INVENTIONS may not always have a future but they always seem to have a past. We are disciplined nowadays to making no firm statement about the origin of anything. No doubt when Archimedes rushed from his bath crying "Eureka" and getting Greek grammar into circulation on the Science Side he was met by some fellow citizen saying, like somebody out of North & Hillard, "I had found it long ere you." I do not suggest that *Punch* ever forecast anything that no village Watt or mute, inglorious Edison had not forecast before; but having thus defanged in advance (what a Greek verb *that* would make) the watchdogs of the Correspondence Column, I can draw attention

to a few of the many shots *Punch* has made at forecasts.

Punch has always been up to date as far as words are concerned, using "Marconigram" a week before the earliest use recorded by the New English Dictionary, and "Cocktail" in 1841. This had been used in the U.S.A. as early as 1806 and described by English travellers by 1839, but *Punch* seems to have beaten the Dictionary by years and years in describing an English drink, though as the drinker ordered it "with the chill off and a cinder in it" the recipe may have been one that is no longer current. In 1847 *Punch* was using "Wolf" in what we think of as the American sense, though the prey was elderly spinsters. The phrase



BY THE TELEPHONE SOUND IS CONVERTED INTO ELECTRICITY, AND THEN, BY COMPLETING THE CIRCUIT, BACK INTO SOUND AGAIN. JONES CONVERTS ALL THE PRETTY MUSIC HE HEARS DURING THE SEASON INTO ELECTRICITY, BOTLES IT, AND PUTS IT AWAY INTO BINS FOR HIS WINTER PARTIES. ALL HE HAS TO DO, WHEN HIS GUESTS ARRIVE, IS TO SELECT, UNCORK AND THEN COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT; AND THERE YOU ARE!



EDISON'S TELEPHONOSCOPE (TRANSMITS LIGHT AS WELL AS SOUND)
(Every evening, before going to bed, Pater- and Materfamilias set up an electric camera-obscura over their bedroom mantel-piece, and gladden their eyes with the sight of their Children at the Antipodes, and converse gaily with them through the wire.)

Paterfamilias (in Wilton Place). "BEATRICE, COME CLOSER, I WANT TO WHISPER." Beatrice (from Ceylon). "YES, PAPA DEAR." Paterfamilias. "WHO IS THAT CHARMING YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON CHARLIE'S SIDE?" Beatrice. "SHE'S JUST COME OVER FROM ENGLAND, PAPA. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER AS SOON AS THE GAME'S OVER."

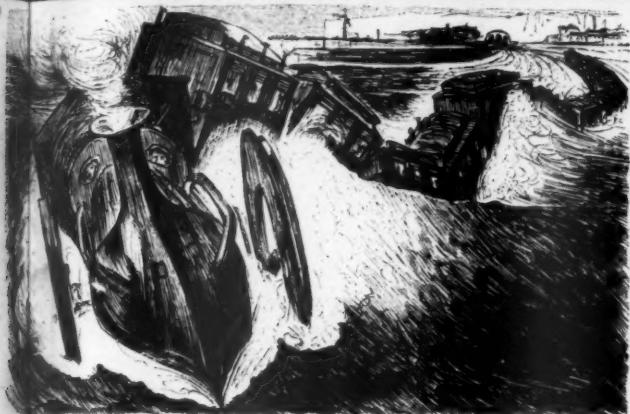
1870

DEVEL

[These two receiving

1906

1870



WHY SHOULD NOT A TRAIN BE MADE TO RUN SO FAST THAT BY MERE VIRTUE OF
DE ACQUIRED IMPETUS ACTING ON THE SQUARES OF THE DISTANCE, MULTIPLIED
BY THE HYPOTENUSE OF THE INCLINED PLANE, &C., &C., &C.? (WE DON'T
PROPOSE TO BE PRACTICAL ENGINEERS, BUT HAVE NO DOUBT THAT A GLANCE AT
THESE DESIGNS WILL SUGGEST VALUABLE NOTIONS TO THOSE WHO ARE NOW DEAL-
ING WITH THE VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION OF THE PASSAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL.)

Punch has

to date

ed, using
before the
the New
cocktail" in
the U.S.A.scribed by
but Punch
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ordered it
older in it"that is no
Punch was
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e phrase

"Vested interests" in the vague and polemical rather than the precise and legal sense is surprising in 1849.

Many of the forecasts picked up some news story about what seemed a crazy inventor and tried to work out how his inventions would appear in practice. The nineteenth century was a conservative period and got wildly excited by novelty, which it regarded as exceptional. The Victorian *Punch* in England regarded inventions as intrinsically funny, a state of happy simplicity we are unlikely to recover.

One of the most prolific of *Punch* Prophets was George du Maurier. Inventions united the observant and the phantasmagoric sides of his talent. He drew both contraptions and scenes

showing the social effects of new developments. His picture of cross-channel railways, one of a set, brings out the demonic element he shared with the great inventors. He sketched in some imaginary science, which was unusual in light-hearted prediction before Wells. In his suggestion of a "Telephonoscope" he forecast not so much modern television as the visual telephone. His "Collector of sounds" shows the consumer of inventions rather than the solitary begetter.

Many of *Punch's* prophecies have been aerial, predicting future methods and future uses. George Morrow in 1906 tackled the problem of aerial refuelling, making the aeroplane dependent on the balloon. If *Punch* did

not forecast radio it was aware quite early of possible developments. Lewis Baumer's Walkie-Talkie gets it half right. Millinery aerials to-day are found inside police helmets rather than outside toppers. A variant of prophecies of what man will think of next is Sambourne's guess at what future man would think of what existed in 1879. Some of the items in his Museum still have not acquired the patina of uselessness.

To-day we still forecast, still peer ahead, but on the whole our prophecies are too depressing to find a place in a light-hearted periodical, a pity because the pessimists get it too much their own way. After all, the worst will happen only if we let it.

1879



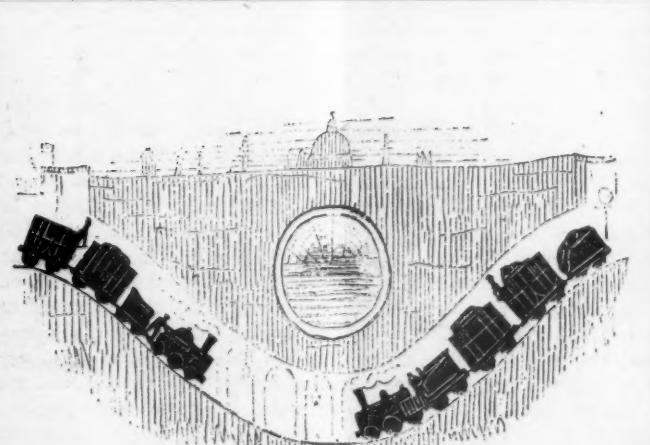
MUSEUM OF MODERN ANTIQUES
IN CONSEQUENCE OF RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF
INVENTION. (PORTRAIT OF WELL-KNOWN MEMBER
OF SOCIETY IN PROBABLE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC LOCO-
MOTIVE COSTUME OF THE FUTURE.)

1906

1846



DEVELOPMENT OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. SCENE IN HYDE PARK.
[These two figures are not communicating with one another. The lady is receiving an amatory message, and the gentleman some racing results.]



A PROPHETIC VIEW OF THE SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAYS

Gwyn Thomas's School days

Man and boy, I have tried to preserve a modest inertia, to keep the floor of life safe and flat. But with the emergence of Physical Education as a kind of Shinto the going gets tougher



5. Vaulting Ambition

I HAVE just been into the gymnasium. When we move into a new place the equipment the horses, the mats, the bars, will be left. It is all too old and shabby for a new school where walls made utterly of glass would comment without kindness on wood and leather pitted and scuffed without pity by time and bounding bodies. I took a last look at those astounding charts that take one step by step through all the various types of jump. I took an especially long look at the athlete in the centre of one chart who is sitting comfortably, even complaisantly, in mid-air. There is sadness of a sort in the reflection that I will now almost certainly reach the grave without ever having been in that posture, unless of course some quick flick of contemporary horror galvanizes me more acutely than I anticipate.

I have never been much at ease about gymnasiums. There is always something sinister about over-deliberate physical activity, all the way from touching the toes—a grotesque operation in any context—right through to factories and wars.

In my own schooldays the matter was a lot simpler than it is to-day. The teacher of the subject, who had taken his tactics and outlook from one of the less supervised drill-gounds of the first world war, was off-hand and even brutal. His life, I believe, was upset for a number of reasons. He had come out of the war with a savage dislike of human beings that swept through a broad octave, and we, his young athletes, were at both ends of it, being bruised black and blue. The job was peripatetic and he had to put two or three schools in the valley through the curriculum of jerks which became more perfunctory and painful as time went on. He was not one to establish that rooted loyalty to one school which can ripen so easily into a free-wheeling torpor. This he resented. His whole expression and bearing were those of a man demanding some drastic sedative. He was

called Yeo and I was never sure whether this was his first or second name.

Our gymnasium was a large, draughty place. The windows were constantly being broken by hurled footballs and the county glazier was reputed to be away on a long, lay-preaching tour, modelling virtue in putty for audiences that were slow on metaphors. We did not blame Yeo for wanting to spend as much time out of the place as possible. He had got a touch of malaria at the Dardanelles and his eyes most mornings were a fierce sight. The spectacle of us lining up in front of him in our rather dim vests and knicks brought out the worst in him, and there was a fair amount of it.

He himself never changed for a lesson. It was our opinion that if he ever took off his tie it would be to choke one of us, so we urged him with our eyes to keep it on. His average routine was to stand at the door of the gym, stare at us, look significantly at the tresses of ropes, then tell us to get flat on our backs. Only our shoulders and buttocks and heels were to be in contact with the floor. Then he would leave us and the gym looked like a tidy battlefield with its rows of stiff, motionless bodies. Within thirty seconds of his going through the door he would reappear dramatically and shout: "Just one of you dare to move. Go on, just try it." And there was something in his voice that terrified even the scrimshankers in the far corners, and rigidity would be total.

He would be away for fifteen or thirty minutes. The gym would be as silent as a mausoleum except for the low scream of someone who had developed cramp from his hair forward. If anyone took a chance to secure personal relief or to succour some comrade whose blood-stream had come to a full stop Yeo would instantly appear, not in the gym itself but on the high embankment behind it, peering in at us like Quint the tutor in *The Turn of the Screw* or anybody else who has tried to put the fear of hell up people by peering in through

windows at boys who are flat on their backs. He was quite a study. He would be rocking with some erupting torment of spite and waving his arms as if conducting some weird music of the nerves that was burning through his body. His arms would become still only to point at the boys who had clearly failed to keep the position in which he had left us. He would return and select one victim for punishment. The boy would be made to hang from the top wall-bar and Yeo would belabour him with the longest billiards-cue I have ever seen. He had two of them, bought from the stock of a snooker saloon so small it could use only the most stunted sticks. I was often Yeo's victim. As soon as he left us, our bodies arched and taut as bow-strings, the small of my back would drop like a stone and I would be as relaxed as an opium eater. When he came rushing through the door or glowering at the window I would be dozing, chatting or massaging some paralysed friend. The dialogue that followed got briefer as the years went by. He would go for the cue and I would climb to the top wall-bar. They were tall bars and I was a short hanger. To this day I cannot see a person using a cue without feeling a martyred tingle in my toes and a fear that the ground is getting further and further from my feet. While he was working on me he would say that indolence is a great sepsis and his function was that of a modest purge. His sentences always ended on a verb. "You will learn. He will see. Man must suffer." And that was the word he caught me on with the cue. Ever since then I've been more of a chap for adjectives than for active words.

Had that gym been a ship I would have finished up on Pitcairn. Yeo also made good use of the ropes. On the

very first morning we met him he pulled the cord that brought the six ropes swinging into perpendicular. He watched them away to rest, grinning like an old-fashioned, pre-Nato Turk in an Armenian village.

"Are there any boys here with no head for heights?"

I stepped forward. I had never been on any level high enough to induce vertigo but I was anxious to exploit any natural disability that would keep me on the floor and reasonably motionless. Yeo nodded at me sympathetically and this persuaded several other boys to nod hopelessly at the ropes and join me. Soon we had as many boys as there were ropes. Yeo's face grew less loving with the emergence of each new recruit. He dandled the thick leather end of one of the ropes. "Now get up there," he said.

Then began some of the most frenzied and inept climbing since the first ape decided that things were safer above ground level. Three of the group, who seemed to contract some sort of nausea as soon as they touched hemp, failed to leave the floor. Three more went up upside down like flying foxes. Desperation sent me to a height of about six feet. The rest of the class assembled at the bottom of my rope, enjoying every black second of it and creating to my eyes the effect of a rabid ant-heap. Yeo kept goading me on with the snooker cue, connecting with two thrusts in three, and that is why my attitude to climbing and to perversion in general has been on the icy side of cool.

The last act of this drama had a Japanese overtone. My giddiness suddenly cleared. I was about half-way up the rope and my legs were as chafed and sore as those of a nude cowboy. Yeo's face below became quite plain. For the

"Oh yes, of course. This is his half-day."



moment he had ceased to attend to me. He was trying to goad the flying foxes into taking off and promising them bread-fruit. He was standing directly beneath me. I heard the sort of voice that came to Joan of Arc. It was loud and told me that I had been sent to earth with one purpose only: to fix Yeo. I let the rope go and launched myself on him like a bomb. Years of trench warfare had sharpened his reflexes to needle-point. He side-stepped and I hit the floor. If the fall left me witless that was a good day.

I have often wondered what Atrean climax these antics might have had if I had not resorted to deviousness. I made two attempts to get out of the country but I was too young

and weak on doctrine for missionary work and too light and basically pacific to take part in the troubles on the North-West Frontier.

My salvation came through a local doctor. He was a sad man and so disillusioned he even switched off the sound in his stethoscope. So he became a dog-lover and that is how our paths met. He became the lover of dogs who least liked men and I lined up behind him in the pet stakes because I wanted to get away from Yeo and those lacerating sessions on the ropes and the floor. He bought four Doberman-Pinschers, those lean, vicious hounds that will sweep your throat away at the drop of a thought. He had employed several local men to exercise these dogs but they had been savaged so persistently it was thought that the doctor was trying to save on dog food by feeding them live handlers. In my first year at the County School at the deepest point of my grief about Yeo and physical training he offered the job to me. I had come to his notice as a diligent errand boy, bringing him great packages of a deadly brand of shag tobacco which he smoked in pipes with bowls the size of small pails. When his surgery was full he would stand right in the middle of the floor operating like a bush-fire and blowing the smoke directly at patients he thought he was seeing too clearly.

I would take the Dobermans on a dawn and dusk patrol. They bit me several times but the feel and flavour of me seemed to give them no pleasure and after a while they became depressed in my company but still capable of leaping and snarling and putting active kinds of fear up most of the villagers. I observed several attempts on the part of my neighbours to poison the dogs but either they were not earning enough to afford the right stuff or the doctor was loading them with antidote. The dogs did not suffer. One of the neighbours spoke up for feeding the white lead directly to me but he was told not to take the thing too far. The doctor was grateful and when I told him about Yeo, the billiards-cue and the ropes he said he could see the point of Yeo becoming morbidly unsociable in the middle of thirty-odd half-dressed kids, but all the same he was delighted to write on a certificate four absolutely illegible reasons for my being unable to take part in any sort of physical activity except exercising dogs and transporting those packages of black shag.

The certificate set Yeo back on his heels. Each week he demanded to see the certificate, claiming that after having examined the paper through the school telescope he had identified one of the complaints as Fosse-jaw, which I could not possibly have, being young and not a pottery worker. He even paid one visit to the doctor on the off-chance of nailing me on a forgery charge. But I had the dogs in top form in the doctor's side-gully and he failed to get through.

For a year after that the surface of my life had a perfect physical calm. I was able to watch the spinning vortex of my pubescence with real enjoyment, without danger from any such nonsense as sublimation through healthy romping. While the others gasped their way out of a session with Yeo, purified by a whole syllabus of contortions, I squatted in a corner and matured with the dark assurance of a sultan. Once in a while Yeo would become vindictive and tear up my certificate and each time the doctor would write me another with a fresh disease added.



"Stand up the boy who did that."

Next week: Outward Bound

No Wreaths for Shaftesbury Avenue

By ERIC KEOWN

ONCE again—as often happens in the silly season when there are no spectacular poisonings or stranglings—the word “crisis” is being bandied around about the theatre, because lately fourteen new plays in London flopped within two months. To this latest bout of hysteria there are three very short answers: first, that the Chairman of Keith Prowse reports his ticket sales up by four per cent on 1959, itself a boom year; second, that at the moment of writing at least eleven of the thirty-eight theatres on the London list are doing standing-room-only business; and third, that these eleven include the Duchess, with *The Caretaker*, Harold Pinter’s wild but brilliant play in the vein of Godot. No one could pretend the West End theatre is in the best of health—so far as I know it never has been—but tears are out of place. The theatre in the provinces is another matter.

A high proportion of the recent failures should never have been allowed to get within a mile of the stage. Blame the managers? It is easy to do this, but we must be careful to distinguish between them. In London they fall roughly into three groups. (1) The few long-established managers at the top, often controlling a number of theatres. These are on the whole men of taste and integrity, who do their best to strike an intelligent compromise between art and their pockets, and sometimes contrive to satisfy both. They are too shy of experiment and the classics, but seldom give us a bad play. Their success works in a spiral, enabling them to afford the best actors and producers, who in turn attract the best playwrights. (2) Their eventual successors, a group of younger men of similar calibre but probably more limited means, who are in the process of learning their job the hard way. Already we owe to them

some of the brightest items in the London list. (3) The lunatic fringe, victims of stage-fever with little qualification, whose ineptitude insults the public and does the theatre a great disservice. When, as recently happened, it adds to an abnormal run of flops (some of which came from good stables, which are bound to slip up now and then), the damage is apt to continue in

working in financial circumstances that would strike the leaders of any other industry as fantastic. The relevant figures (taken from Richard Findlater’s excellent book, *The Unholy Trade*) are that in the last eighty years theatre rents have increased by as much as ten times and production costs by six, while the price of most seats has only doubled. Apart from the sharp increase in taxes, this means that managers would be justified in charging at least three pounds for a stall. Imagine the outcry if they did.

The cost of putting on even a modest play in the West End with one set has risen to approximately £5,000-£6,000 (in America to nearer £50,000) of which actual production costs will be £3,500-£4,000. With full houses and a very fair wind a manager can get home in as soon as three to four weeks, but this level of expense is no encouragement to him to nurse an ailing play in the hope of recovery.

I am glad to see that no bricks have been thrown at actors during the latest controversy, for there is no doubt whatever that the standard of acting on all fronts has never been higher in this country. We have a dazzling top drawer of classical actors and actresses, and it is a pity that we cannot find enough new plays that match up to their talents.

There has always been a shortage of good new plays. At the moment we have six in the West End of which we may be reasonably proud: *Ross*, *A Passage to India*, *A Man for All Seasons*, *Rhinoceros*, *The Caretaker* and *Roots*. We cannot expect often to do better than that.

The poetic drama that showed such promise ten years ago, led by Fry and Eliot, has rather fizzled out, and the focus of interest now seems to be on the new school of inconsequence, owing



a chain-reaction; the vacuum is filled in a panic by plays that would normally not have a hope of reaching London, and for a time the stability of a whole section of the theatre may be affected.

It is hard to see what can be done about this last type of manager. Whenever a limping little comedy gets the bird it is really he and his moronic backers who should be booed, and not the wretched cast who have been doing their best to mitigate the play’s horrors.

Remember also that managers are

something to Samuel Beckett and headed by Harold Pinter, N. F. Simpson, John Mortimer and Ionesco in translation. I find it enormously encouraging for the future that Simpson's *One Way Pendulum* should have run five months in the West End, and that Pinter's play should be following its example.

The angry young men, I am convinced, were no more than a flash in the pan of mediocrity; most of their pot-shots at the Establishment missed, anyway. We can look for plays with far more constructive social comment from men like Arnold Wesker, whose *Roots* analyses cleverly the loneliness that education can bring in a working-class family, and does it without self-pity.

The gravest shortage to-day appears to be in what may be called the Rattigan group, those traditional dramatists who

bother about being craftsmen. Examples are Wynyard Browne, N. C. Hunter and Peter Ustinov. There is always room in London for plays like *A Question of Fact*, *A Day by the Sea* and *Romanoff and Juliet*, but the supply is terribly limited.

The public will always flock to that kind of play; but in other respects its taste has changed considerably in the last few years. It seems as if, unexpectedly, television is a good influence. In the late 'fifties it began to produce a choicer audience (just as the talkies did in the 'thirties) by educating people in the drama, and by drawing off the lazier elements; also by providing so much light entertainment it has made the public hungry for something different in the theatre. It may well have signed the death warrant of comedies about stockbrokers' wives having rural fun in

cottages with drink trays and French windows, and of farces in bedrooms with five doors and no steady tenancy. (It is interesting to note that the French equivalents still thrive in Paris, where TV was late in arriving.) If these old favourites go, unmourned by many, they will leave a big gap and offer great chances to more original minds. Another type of play that may be doomed on the stage through its familiarity on TV is the crime thriller.

All managers report their audiences to be younger and quicker on the ball. I am sure this goes back to the astonishing revival in the better theatre that was one of the surprises of the last war (in contrast to the fluff-and-leg shows that were the chief recreation of the first one); and that a lot of the credit for it must also go to Stratford and the Old Vic. One is crammed all summer, the other all winter; this must be making a difference. It may be that London audiences will grow smaller; there is little doubt they will be more intelligent, and that is the surest guarantee for the future.

But the theatre in the provinces is, alas, in a much worse way. Consider these shocking facts. In the whole of Great Britain there are now fewer than forty touring dates left. This summer Newcastle and Leicester, both cities with over a quarter of a million inhabitants, *have no live theatre at all*. The so-called repertory theatres have dropped to roughly sixty, of which only about half are putting on good stuff. Last summer every rep in the country took a terrific beating, and the fact that it is happening again this summer suggests causes deeper-rooted than good weather. Clearly TV keeps the less enterprising at home. Holidays abroad eat into box-office figures. Audiences are at last losing patience with the shabbiness and discomfort which is all many reps can afford to give them. But when we have said all that, managers still do not think we have arrived at the full answer. A mystery remains, which they are desperately trying to solve.

One thing that sticks out is that the non-profit-making reps, which include the most enlightened, are not being helped as much as they should be by their municipalities. The Local Government Act of 1948 empowered local authorities to spend up to 6d. in the rates on the arts and entertainment,



"One cold day and he starts talking about a cooling in the earth's crust."

including non-commercial reps. Very few give more than a small fraction of a penny to their rep, though there are shining exceptions, such as Canterbury. The best of the non-profit-making reps could not survive for long without the annual grants from the Arts Council, which keep about twenty of them just at subsistence level. Councillors maintain an old-fashioned shyness over spending public money on culture; when it comes to the test of another election they still believe something solid like a public lavatory is a more telling recommendation. If playgoers in the provinces would only combine to make candidates' lives a misery over the sixpenny rate, the reps would be a lot safer.

As it is, they are alarmingly rocky, and it is saddening to think of dead theatres all over Britain and of how much talent the West End has owed to the reps. Small comfort to remember that France and America, the countries closest to us in the theatre, have no reps to lose.



"Hold on, I'll call him—he's only pottering about in the garden."

Italy, I Love You

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

MY wife said that we might try complaining just once more, and if no one came to mend the bedroom bell, the bedside light, the window-catch, the hand-basin waste-pipe or the lavatory-seat we must simply resign ourselves to the Italian way of life and get on with the arrangements for to-morrow's coach-trip to Portofino. After all, it was a brand new hotel, and we could hardly expect everything to be working yet.

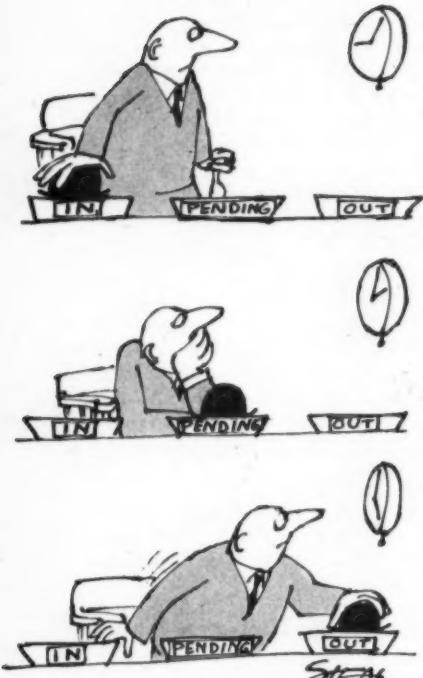
So we complained to the *signor direttore*, who was shocked, amazed and apologetic as always, promising instant action. Nothing in the English language quite matches *subito* for the suggestion of instant action. Then we went on the beach, and at lunchtime found two chambermaids and the porter carrying one of our beds out. As far as we could understand it a previous guest had complained that it creaked. Nothing

had been done to the bell, the light, the catch, the pipe, the seat.

The leaflet for the Portofino trip had been handed out by the reception desk, so it was a surprise to us, when we said we'd like to go on it, to find that it wasn't running. On the other hand, the *direttore* assured us that he could reserve seats on a better excursion with the same destination, provided we didn't mind catching it at Savona, a sort of Italian Slough near by, which we could reach by local bus from the hotel's very door. We handed him 5000 lire and tucked away his detailed receipt. With characteristic kindness he gave us another piece of paper with 7 a.m. written on it, heavily underscored to avoid errors; the time of our first bus, just down the road. We should be called, with breakfast, at 6.30. We weren't called, and we had to go foraging for the breakfast (the bell not

working), and when it came, though otherwise delightful, it had no knives with it. Nevertheless, we were at the bus-stop at five to seven. And, in fact, at twenty-five past. No bus. At the risk of being away at the very moment of its arrival I sprinted back to the hotel and found the porter singing and polishing a glass door. Where was the bus? I said. *Dove bus?* He said, *Subito*, wished us a pleasant day, hoped that the *Signora* was well.

It was plain that when we reached Savona this would have been an ideal day to have stayed on the beach, and we hadn't had many. The man in the bus office had already got his shirt off and his small moustache was moist. He looked at our receipt and assured us that this was the excursion that went yesterday. We took leave to doubt this, and eventually he admitted to an exaggeration. The writing was not



good. Yes, it was true that we were on the right day, but the excursion had left ten minutes before—as, in fact, it had every right to do, much though we deplored the awkward lapse into punctuality.

We stood in the bus office. My wife said that she would not trust herself to return to the hotel, as she would undoubtedly murder the *direttore*, also his wife, and very probably a fat boy, suspected of belonging to them, who often sat on the terrace eating peaches out of a Venetian glass bowl and throwing the stones at the deckchair men on the beach below. She said that she hated all Italians, and on the crest of this emotion launched an attack on the bus official, now returning with unconcern from a back room. "What's going to happen? What are you doing about us?" she said. He seemed surprised. He said "A car is coming." And to me, that the *Signora* was very pretty.

A car did come, a small, private personal car, driven by a bus driver, who bowed low, and drove us a good fifteen miles to Varazze, where he refused a tip, conferred with the local bus agent and drove off, flashing us a gay farewell. The bus agent explained

that the car had been intended to catch the excursion at Varazze, but alas, had arrived too late. The coach had gone.

It was very hot indeed now. A perfect day for the beach, which must have been twenty-five miles off by this time.

"However," said the bus agent, "I have sent the car to fetch it back," and retired into the cool darkness of his office.

There were a lot of Germans in the coach when it came back, and they showed none of the amiable feelings towards us which should prevail among partners in the N.A.T.O. camp. But there were also some Italians, who greeted us warmly, one of them struggling up to offer my wife a seat on the shady side. The driver was cheerful, and made no reference in word or manner to disrupted schedules. It's possible, of course, that they feel these things less deeply over there.

The stay at Portofino, which should have been three hours, turned out to be twenty minutes. I can't think that we were entirely responsible for a disparity of this degree. And we were put out in Genoa for an hour and a half during the evening rush hour "for the ladies to shop." We were either lucky or unlucky in having only twenty-five shillings between us, and passed the time eating a dusty, open-air *pizza*, which only partly filled a felt want.

Everyone on the bus but us had been eating packed hotel lunches all day.

Except for a collision between our local bus and a trailer carrying a railway goods truck in Savona—Italy must surely be the only country to convey its rolling stock by road?—the rest was uneventful, and we returned to find the *direttore* in a sad state of puzzlement and dismay. He had heard from Varazze that he had put us on a bus that never turned up. He could not understand it. He had checked his timetable. How could it have happened? Were we sure that we were at the bus-stop on time? On this we were emphatic. We had made sure of this by taking the time from the hotel clock.

He looked at the wall behind him. "Not *this* clock?" he said. But yes. His face cleared. The mystery was solved. He laughed until his dark brown eyes were as moist as sucked humbugs.

"But *Signora, Signore*—this clock is no good. It is ten minutes slow. It is a new clock, you see?"

When we had all recovered he leant forward with an air of proud, hushed confidence, and told us that the men had been working in our room all day, and he felt sure that we should have no more trouble with the shower-bath spray. If so, we must of course not hesitate to complain.

We went in to dinner.

Wish You Were Here

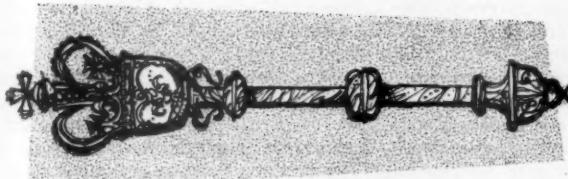
On the Broads

I HAVEN'T put a proper address because I don't actually know where we are. The real fun of the Broads is that you just get in your boat, start the engine and sail off up the river. Some people have charts showing where you're allowed to moor and where the shoals are and so on but I think that spoils the fun. You can always moor somewhere, although there are a few grouchy old people who come and tell you it's private and then you have to go on a bit; and if you run aground or anything you can get another boat to tow you off and that's more fun than ever, isn't it, just like real sailors. We had quite an adventure the other day,

we were up near Barton Broad on our first day out and when we wanted to cook our first meal the gas-cooker wouldn't work. We 'phoned the boat-yard we got the boat from and they sent someone all the way out in a launch and it turned out we hadn't turned on the tap from the gas-bottle. This boat holds five, it's only supposed to take four but we arranged to meet Diane a mile down the river and she got on there, otherwise you have to pay extra. It can go quite fast when you open it up, and you make lovely big waves all along the banks and all the boats moored there bob up and down like anything. It's really terrific fun.

—B. A. Y.

Essence



of Parliament

AS he took leave of the Finance Bill the Chancellor compared himself to "stout" Cortes, gazing at the Pacific, silent upon a peak in Darien. But of course everybody except John Keats and the Chancellor knows that Gazing at the Pacific Cortes never was on a peak in Darien and never got even the most distant view of the Pacific. So if the Chancellor thought that with the passing of the Finance Bill he was sailing into more tranquil waters he had another think coming to him. There was the economic debate on Monday with Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. George Brown weighing in against the Chancellor and perhaps against one another in a kind of primary for the Socialist deputy leadership. Mr. Brown banged the more and Mr. Wilson was the wittier. As the Chancellor quietly remarked, there is no one who enjoys Mr. Wilson's jokes more than Mr. Wilson himself. To do him justice they are often good jokes, even if sometimes a trifle repetitious. One has heard about Mac the Knife just a little too often by now. Other people enjoy them too, though whether jokes lead to jobs is a question to which it will be interesting to see the answer. The general line of the criticism of the Chancellor was easy enough but not, to tell the truth, very sensible. It was that the Chancellor changed his policy so often—now letting money out, now pulling it in—that no one knew where he was. But in truth that is the inevitable consequence of full employment. In the old days Chancellors did not have to put the brake on so often because they never drove full out—because there was always a pool of unemployment. The Chancellor did not seem very excited, but there were other critical voices than those on the Socialist side—not least that of the Prime Minister's son.

Macmillans were in the news this week. Another Macmillan, in another assembly, was proposing to the House of Laity that no one should be allowed to cast out devils except with the consent of the bishop. Casting Out Devils But what happens if the bishop consents but the devil doesn't.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

"Why, so can I or so can any man,

But will they come when you do call for them?"

Prime Minister Macmillan's difficulties were as great as those of Layman Macmillan. The Socialists were out to rag him, but, like Pope's Atticus, they were a little

Willing to wound but yet afraid to strike.

On the Congo they had not much against him. They could not but agree on Monday that he was right not to send troops, and they could not but agree on Thursday that he was right not to vote for an immediate withdrawal of the Belgian troops. It was left to Lord Salisbury in the Lords on Wednesday to comment

that this was a rum time to be disbanding the Grenadier Guards. There seemed a bit more chance of a row about American flights from British bases, but even there it was not by any means as easy to frame a telling question as it appeared at first sight. Mr. Grimond came the nearest to doing so when he cut through the verbiage to ask the plain question whether we were or were not consulted about the RB-47 flight. But there hovered over it all the embarrassing fact that everything was governed by the Attlee-Truman agreement and that no one—least of all Lord Attlee's colleagues—knew with any certainty what that agreement said. Lord Attlee was presumably the only person who knew and he was engaged in the House of Lords in making a speech about whether ice-cream merchants in Greenwich ought to ring bells. Mr. Macmillan stilled it all for three days with a stern "No comment" and only allowed himself a repartee when on Thursday Mr. Gaitskell said that it was "really time the British Government made up its mind on these problems." The Prime Minister replied with a crack about Clause 4 and the dependence of the Socialist defence policy on "a chance vote of a delegate conference of the N.U.R." Mr. Gaitskell, really angry, resented this "cheap sneer." I do not know that there was anything especially cheap about it, but the Prime Minister might have done better to let it rest at the roar of laughter that greeted Mr. Gaitskell's observation. Yet at least when the Prime Minister says "No comment" there is no comment. The young man—the Prime Minister emphasized how young he was—at the Ministry of Defence who had or had not said more than he should have said to the man from the Ex. Tel. would perhaps have done well to follow that technique. So would Mr. Watkinson and Mr. Ward in the Commons. Mr. Ward said that he could say nothing "for the reasons that he had already given." As the reason that he had already given was that he could say nothing about acts of espionage and as his case up till then had been that this was not an act of espionage, it all left a nasty doubt in the mind.

Cyprus was Mr. Macleod's business. Since, however near he had come to extinction, the patient had in a manner survived, one might have felt that there was little point in

Post-Mortem on Cyprus conducting a post-mortem where there had not been a death. But the Opposition, though they were willing to support the bill, were not willing to let slip such an opportunity. Mr. Callaghan convincingly showed—what no one could doubt—that the policy to-day was very different from what it had been in Sir Anthony Eden's day. He also argued with ferocious force that Mr. Julian Amery's past sayings in his Suez-rebel pre-Governmental days unfitted him to carry through negotiations such as these. This was hard hitting and Mr. Francis Noel-Baker hit hard again in his turn. Mr. Amery certainly was not comfortable. Few people are when words like "honour" are flung about the Chamber.

The House had other diversions. Its own telephone number, Mr. Teeling has discovered, is apparently not one of the items of information which the Central Office of Information discloses. Mr. Langford Holt does not think

Heads in the Highlands

that troops left-wheeling and right-wheeling on their way to guard the Bank of England are good for traffic. Scottish days are not usually very lively days and Members from South of the Border are often almost physically excluded, but the Socialist Party these days has to make such bricks as it can with such straw as it can, so Mr. Gaitskell was roped in to speak for Scotland, and the Scottish Members rallied round to give Mr. Maudling quite a lively rough-house. That eminent statesman seemed a trifle surprised by the incivility of his reception.

— PERCY SOMERSET



In the City

Outlook Unsettled

WHAT a week we have had in Lombard Lane! The international temperature has been kept sizzling by Cuba, the Congo and Mr. Khrushchev—to mention only a few of the trouble spots. It is not surprising that securities with an international market—the Philip Lamps, Unilevers and Shells of the investment world—should have tumbled. Nor have they been helped by the growing evidence that the American economy has lost its bounce. With steel production in the United States down to little more than 50 per cent of capacity and the total of unemployed rising in June by nearly one million, against the normal seasonal trend, the leaders of the free world are not showing those qualities of confidence and self-assurance which the markets, therefore, also lack.

At home the Government has "dared" the gilt-edged market by issuing £300 million in Treasury Bonds, and the Bank of England in its latest annual report has divulged to the world some of the reasons for its behaviour and policy—an unheard-of precedent which if contagious could lead to wild unBritish excesses of introspection.

In its new issue the Government has chosen a line of very weak resistance. It is paying dear and borrowing very short—a 5½ per cent bond redeemable in November 1962. It is poor advertisement for British Government credit that it should have to depend on such short sprints for its finance. British strength has always been said to lie in the middle and long distance events. The Government has £620 million to borrow in the present financial year. To meet this by touching the banking system for temporary accommodation is not something of which to be proud; it is not the happiest flourish with which a Chancellor should make his exit from the Treasury as Mr. Amory is about to do.

Happily the gilt-edged market is not the faithful mirror of the whole

economy. The damping down of the consumer goods boom, which the Bank of England report describes in rather tedious detail to justify the recent turning of the credit screw, continues; but it is being accompanied by a healthy and vigorous recovery in the capital goods industries. This is as it should be. The even better and bigger consumer boom of to-morrow is being prepared to-day by the new factory extensions, the machine tools and the equipment now being installed at a rate considerably greater than last year's.

There is no better illustration of this switch from one type of boom to another than that provided by the motor industry where a slight waning in the activity of those sections making passenger cars is being compensated by those sections making commercial vehicles. Latest reports from this industry speak of record production and still growing demand both from the domestic and the export markets. Delivery dates are lengthening and the firms in question

are now making confident plans for expansion of output which aim at doubling their production by 1963.

The profits being made by these companies must be running at very favourable levels. At the head of the list stands Leyland—the Rolls Royce of the commercial vehicle world. Its business is going ahead by leaps and bounds. Every month the firm gets several honourable mentions in the Board of Trade's compilation of important export orders. From the last two of these reports may be culled news of orders for a fleet of buses for Hong Kong, a Middle East order for 750 diesel engines to convert American petrol-engined trucks to diesel power (this is adding insult to injury), more buses for India and a fleet of 170 "tippers" for Malaya. These are impressive tokens of the vigour, sales initiative and competitiveness of the firm.

Its shares yield only 3½ per cent—but are worth tucking confidently away.

—LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Now It's Throwing at Golf

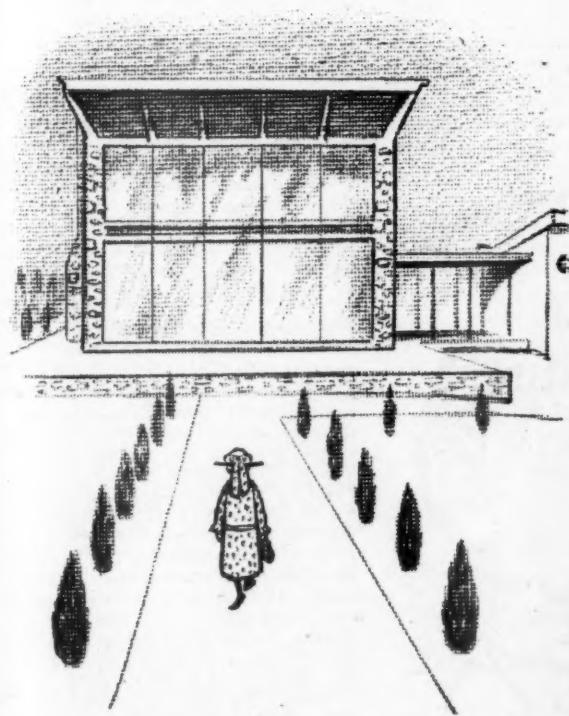
IT'S frightening that (if the press and I understand the position correctly) should I enter for the U.S. Open I can be fined as much as £35 for throwing. Next thing, we'll find a relevant subsection written into Law 171 Section 14D—Penalties. They'll have to give an unequivocal definition. For instance, how far must the club be thrown (cast, projected by hand, hurled, propelled) before it constitutes unbecoming conduct? Mr. T. Bolt, American Open Champion 1958, and the man who started all this, threw his driver into a lake. How far away from the tee was the lake? If it was around twenty yards, Mr. Bolt could—and so could you and I—have claimed that the driver had slipped from his grasp. Supposing, then, that they say that anything over twenty yards will mean a throw within the meaning of the Law, and we accept E and F and no doubt G as well.

Because there's this: We're just as guilty of caddish behaviour off the tee if we try to break the driver over our knees, or beat the tee itself with the head of the club. Then they would have to work out a scale of fines for such comparatively pardonable offences as Brandishing, or—at the other end of the scale—deliberately throwing the club at somebody. And what of the possible predicament of the man in the twelve-eighteen handicap group whose enjoyment of the game, at the moment, lies partly in the carefree knowledge that he can throw/break his club as a kind of blood-letting?

Secondly, what of the spectators? At any top-rated event a percentage of the gallery is composed of lay figures—those who have never played golf in their lives, who never will, who don't know the difference between a bisque and casual water, but who do know that quite a reasonable amount of entertainment value is usually afforded by the temperamental idiosyncrasies of any given player (e.g. "Big Jim" Barnes once kicked his ball out of Hell Bunker—British Open 1925?). Big golf, for them, is going to be dull, since the master will think twice before he injects a little colour/glamour into his play if he knows that (a) he will lose some of his prize-money if he does, and (b) he could be forbidden the club-house for "behaviour unbecoming to a professional golfer"—I quote the official statement on the case of Mr. T. Bolt above.

Me, I'll just go on playing like a cad.

—FERGUSON MACLAY





CRITICISM



AT THE PICTURES

Inherit the Wind

Light Up the Sky

DIFFICULT to be sure, afterwards, how much effect one's knowledge of the factual basis of *Inherit the Wind* (Director: Stanley Kramer) has had on one's enjoyment of it. I was a schoolboy at the time of the Tennessee "Monkey Trial", but I remember it, and I remember the real names of the people who are here called Matthew Harrison Brady, Henry Drummond, Bertram Cates and E. K. Hornbeck; and for the benefit of the majority of filmgoers who are younger, they provide a foreword emphasizing that "this is a true story." Certainly this knowledge adds something, but the film would succeed triumphantly without any such help. It is full of ideas, intelligence, character, literate dialogue, and first-rate acting; the script (Nathan E. Douglas and Harold Jacob Smith from the play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee) cunningly builds and releases tension until the main climax and the gentle, half-

humorous final cadence, without the least feeling of theatricality; the direction is brilliant. I found it absorbing and very enjoyable.

Most welcome of all is its humanity, its willingness to prick the dormant imaginations of the inattentive by showing that characters are not as simple as a summary of the story might suggest. Fredric March has already been given the "best actor" award (at the Berlin Festival) for his performance as Brady the passionate defender of "Fundamentalism," the believer in the literal truth of every statement in the Bible. He is able to show far more than a devoted bigot with a few ridiculous surface characteristics. The man is ridiculous in his unashamed gluttony, and displays a scaring touch of sadism when he gets carried away by the excitement of bullying a young girl witness; but it is Mr. March's triumph to make him also pathetic, to show that this was once a considerable man, now bewildered that people will not listen to the words from him that used to keep them spellbound. There is a shattering moment here when Brady, desperately yelling the

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema": Odeon, Chester.

"Punch in the Theatre": Opera House, Scarborough.

Salone Internazionale dell'Umorismo, opening at Bordighera, Italy, on July 28, includes 50 Punch drawings on holidays.

phrases of a prepared speech as he tries to catch the attention of an excited crowd, suddenly stops in mid-yell and trembles with the realization that they will never listen to him again.

Spencer Tracy has an easier task as Drummond, the great lawyer on the other side: this is very much a job for a powerful, sympathetic, impressive-looking personality, and made to order for him. But though most filmgoers will insist on personalizing it—as if the stars made the whole thing up themselves—a great deal of the film's power comes from the writing and the direction. The individual, often acidly amusing dialogue, the craft with which scene and mood are varied, the shift and interaction of humanity in that steamy courtroom and outside it, all the qualities that go to make up "atmosphere"—these, as much as the acting, make it a winner.

For an obviously low-budget production made with the utmost simplicity of scene and very little visual interest, *Light Up the Sky* (Director: Lewis Gilbert) is a great success: often extremely funny, full of character and very enjoyable. This, again, comes down to the writing (script by Vernon Harris from the play *Touch it Light* by Robert Storey), the acting and the direction, above all the group direction: we are concerned with a small group of men on a searchlight station in the war, and most of the scenes are in their barrack-room. This one is being advertised in a way suggesting it is a sort of "Army Game," but the simple minds attracted on those terms—who will find plenty to laugh at, admittedly—will fail to grasp most of its merit. Similarly, anyone kept away by this publicity will be missing something. The skill with which the individuality of these men is established in scenes and



Matthew Harrison Brady—FREDRIC MARCH

Henry Drummond—SPENCER TRACY

dialogue that sometimes make one ache with laughter is enormous—and of a kind generally undervalued or unnoticed. There is more than laughter, too; the men are presented with little depth, but they are not mere caricatures, and Sydney Tafler, as the oldest, who loses a son, has a chance to be genuinely moving. Harry Locke, too, is excellent as the dedicated cook with touching visions of becoming a real chef; and Victor Maddern as the perpetually infuriated N.C.O. makes us see something of the man beneath the comic fury. Trivial, but I liked it.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Gallant Hours has James Cagney as the U.S. Admiral Halsey at the time of the fighting over Guadalcanal, and is much better than some of our bristling patriots suggest. Plenty of narration, which I usually disapprove of, but this is intelligently done and gives the film a documentary interest. Would you rather have a lot of splashes and bangs and model shots? Also in London: the Polish *A Generation* (22/6/60) with Becker's *Edward and Caroline* (26/9/51); the miscellaneous brilliant *Black Orpheus* (8/6/60); and the better of the two Wilde films, *The Trials* (8/6/60).

A release overlooked last week: *The Last Voyage* (18/5/60—91 mins.), about the last hours of a big liner, excellently done, with hypnotic suspense. This week we have *The Unforgiven* (22/6/60—121 mins.), which, although directed by John Huston, is just visually beautiful Western hokum.

—RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE PLAY

Joie de Vivre (QUEEN'S)

The Brides of March (ST. MARTIN'S)

YOU cannot bring a play forward a quarter of a century by dropping in a few references to nuclear fission, which is roughly what Terence Rattigan has done in making *French Without Tears* into a musical. As *Joie de Vivre* it remains obstinately out of date. The naval student may be attached to NATO, but that doesn't alter the fact that the air of Monsieur Maingot's crammer is irresponsibly of the 'thirties, and the behaviour of Diana, the Delilah of the pension, almost antediluvian.

Joie de Vivre was booed, unjustly perhaps, but there is a good deal wrong with it. It has the languid action and mildness of attack of a pre-war musical comedy, and its music, by Robert Stoltz, is tame and unoriginal. This is a pity, because Paul Dehn's lyrics are so good that they deserve much stronger tunes to carry them. Mr. Dehn is the only member of the team to emerge with credit. Peter Rice's sets (a great many of them) are not exciting; on the first night the stage management was in difficulties with some of them. And Mr. Rattigan, whose judgment is generally so sound, has suffered a fall from grace, it seems to me, in the matter of taste. In blowing up his story he has vulgarized the

cosiness of the original. Where the village activities of the Don Juan of the party were only slightly suggestive, the local tart is now a leading character and the details of her professional career are emphasized *ad nauseam*. But the chief weakness of *Joie de Vivre* is that it is a patchwork of styles and periods. To those of us who remember the other play there was nostalgic pleasure in hearing again the famous joke about "des idées audessus

REP. SELECTION

Theatre Royal, York, *Present Laughter*, until July 23rd.
Marlowe, Canterbury, *The Pleasure of His Company*, until July 23rd.
Oldham Rep., *The Sound of Murder*, until July 23rd.
Guildford Rep., *The Man Who Couldn't Kill*, until July 23rd.

de sa gare," but even that was slightly mildewed.

Donald Sinden as the amorist and Joan Heaslip as the tart make the biggest comic impact. Joanna Rigby gloriously demonstrates how strong men might have been attracted in the good old days, and as the strong men Barrie Ingham, Robin Hunter and Terence Alexander have their moments. Jill Martin is good as Monsieur Maingot's hard-working daughter, and the Professor



Diana Lake—JOANNA RIGBY

[*Joie de Vivre*

himself is played *fortissimo* by Harold Kasket.

Smooth young men in the Foreign Office with hustling American wives don't usually live in Finchley, but *The Brides of March* is very old-fashioned farce, and farce designed to make the outer suburbs feel at home—a feat of which John Chapman, author of *Simple Spymen* and *Dry Rot*, has already proved himself a master. His improbable hero has improbably saved the life of a sheikh during the war, and the sheikh, having improbably noted down his name and address, dies leaving him ten per cent of his harem. Five bouncing girls, thinly clad for a northern climate, are delivered carriage paid by a major-domo in a fez.

The humours Mr. Chapman extracts from this situation are very simple. They are also fairly predictable, but are considerably helped by the combination of David Stoll and William Kendall as two brothers. Mr. Stoll's fooling as the embarrassed legatee is a happy reminder of Ralph Lynn, and Mr. Kendall is amusing as an uninhibited bachelor. They are nimbly supported by Diana Decker as the American wife, Ferdy Mayne as the sheikh's emissary and Hugh Wakefield as just an old man with a roving eye. Where Mr. Chapman is clever is that although the whole romp is obliquely about sex, it remains eligible for the Church Outing list.



"As a matter of fact it's a dwarf variety."

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
A Man for all Seasons (Globe—13/7/60),
 Paul Scofield and Sir Thomas More.
Oliver! (New—6/7/60), delightful new
 musical. *The Caretaker* (Duchess—
 11/5/60), exhilarating Pinter.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE GALLERY

Picasso at the Tate

PICASSO was born with a pencil in his hand. This seems quite clear from a glance at the first room at the Tate Exhibition and is particularly exemplified in the drawing of the hands in "Girl with Bare Feet" (No. 1) painted when the artist was 14—his father was a drawing master. After a period of very well executed academic works usually in a melancholy range of blues, Picasso joined Braque (two still struggling young men) in inventing Cubism. This style in sombre greys and browns precluded almost all resemblance to life, and was dropped in its pure form after a time as being altogether too cramping to the artist's gifts. Later in a modified form with a wide variety of colours, shapes and textures, some elegant and slightly less dehumanized canvases appeared, such as the large "Three Musicians." Place this in any company of pictures and the distinction of Picasso's mind will become apparent, as will the vigour and delicacy of his execution—which latter quality seldom let him down.

One of the oddities of the man is in his running several opposed styles concurrently; abstracts punctuated by large classical nudes, essays in negro art, Minoan art, or gay and malicious caricatures based on Van Gogh to name a few. "Now, what I am doing practically amounts to crochet work," he is reported to have said not long ago. Obviously, then, you cannot, as is usual to a large degree with artists, get most of Picasso from one canvas.

Picasso is pursued by such a barrage of propaganda and passports to posterity by his fans and adorers, that calm criticism of him is seldom heard. Without going as

far as his most wild enthusiasts we must, however, give him much for imagination, invention and vitality. We may also deplore his occasional emptiness, his usually harsh colour and lack of feeling for light. Perhaps he was thinking of this latter himself when he said (quoted from the *Observer*) "I am surprised that young English artists do not make more of the English country." This piece of advice may be commended to the hundreds of them now thronging the Tate.

— ADRIAN DAINTREY

ON THE AIR

Art Venture

FILMS about painters have always been a strong feature of "Monitor," and a lively skill has been developed in the production of such works: the pattern is now familiar, but capable of exciting variations through subtleties of camera-work, "bench work," editing, the arrangement of musical background, sound-dubbing, commentary and an all-round approach at once sensitive and down to earth. Lack of colour has frequently contributed a dash of frustration to the proceedings, and there is still really no better way of finding out about pictures than by standing in front of them in galleries; but if, as I believe is likely, "Monitor's" often brilliant efforts have stirred philistines to marvel and explore (apart from intriguing, enraging or delighting the already committed minority), then the work of these cheerful pioneers deserves our thanks and praise. Dashingly enough, the B.B.C. have now decided to offer a series of films made on "Monitor" lines to a still wider audience, in a separate programme called "The Artist Speaks" by John Read, who also produces. The first offering, concerning the work and attitudes of Michael Ayrton, clashed heroically with "Deadline Midnight" on the other Channel, and while there can be no doubt about which item flickered in the corners of more of the nation's sitting-rooms, I hope enough viewers were held by Ayrton's calm, unarty talk about his purposes and methods, and by the glimpses of his work in painting, sculpture, broken glass and waxed skeleton fragments, to encourage the planners to still further projects as daring and as beautiful to see. The photography here was by Peter Hamilton, and considering that he worked in black and white he

may be said to have achieved wonders in conveying the excitement of Ayrton's clean, urgent canvases. The editing, by James Colina, added drama and variety. Freddie Phillips' guitar music (one never gets this kind of thing in an art gallery) seemed appropriate, for a reason which has so far escaped me.

According to the *TV Times* the trial of Sir Roger Casement for treason was "one of the most sensational in history." There may be some truth in this. One thing, however, is certain: presented as the first item in a series called "On Trial" (Granada) the affair was made to seem about as sensational as an argy-bargy over careless driving in a magistrate's court. John Westbrook's F. E. Smith was surprisingly unimpressive. John Robinson as Serjeant Sullivan had a mere handful of lines and his collapse, which might have come as a striking climax, was handled, as far as script and production went, in a lifeless and un-enterprising fashion. Peter Wyngarde had a small part as Casement, and read his speech in a most attractive voice, with an admirable avoidance of histrionics. Andrew Faulds, as Narrator, interrupted whenever things looked like picking up a bit, to give viewers some hurried, baffling details about the historical background of the trial. The resulting muddle was extremely dim. The circumstances surrounding this particular example of the processes of Justice were, heaven knows, obscure and complicated in the extreme, and I cannot understand how anyone could hope to make them clear by means of a few rushed sentences interpolated in a shortened version of the actual trial. It was all very disappointing, for the idea behind the series is a good one. We must hope for better things among the remaining items.

It is good to have Charlie Drake back. I'm not sure why his new series should be called "It's Up to You" (BBC), but I assume Mr. Drake is following the precedent established some years back by W. Shakespeare. His opening frolic, a nuclear missile launched against a frail, tiny, unprotected target, was a skit on "Top Town." It has been done before, and more successfully. This kind of thing needs the piercing observation, the insinuating cruelty, the character-versatility of a Benny Hill. There was a fair amount of good rollicking fun, but the joke was weakened by the fact that Drake's various impersonations all seemed to be of the same person. This gets tiring. He also tended to bang home each of his comic notions with a few strokes too many, as though to make sure that even the people in the back row of the gallery, and even the queue outside, get the point.

The television version of Bill Naughton's *June Evening* (BBC), vividly produced by Vivian A. Daniels and acted with verve and understanding by all concerned, was a high-spot—unsung by any of the kind of ballyhoo which preceded the pretentious *A Town Has Turned to Dust* a while ago, and ten times as satisfying. It should be repeated. Such gems do not deserve to be tossed too quickly into the yawning limbo that surrounds TV.

— HENRY TURTON

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of *Punch* contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for January to June, 1960, may be obtained free on application to the Circulation Manager, PUNCH, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need *not* apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

BOOKING OFFICE

STORMY PROLONGED APPLAUSE

By JOHN RAYMOND

For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism. Nikita S. Khrushchev. Hutchinson, 40/-

THIS impressive 780-page volume—it contains a specially written introduction and fourteen blank pages for annotation, besides a dustcover featuring Mr. K. in company with the Prime Minister (the latter wearing *that* hat)—came into my hands accompanied by a slip informing the reviewer that “further information on this book or its author will gladly be given you by the Publicity Manager (Langham 3020).” We are all gravely in need of fuller information about the volcanic and unpredictable Mr. K. but I have not yet got around to dialling the Hutchinson number.

In his introduction the author explains that his book “was not intended specially for foreign readers—it consists of a collection of my speeches, interviews and conversations with foreign public figures on questions of foreign policy, published in the Soviet Press during 1958.” “This, however,” he goes on, “does not really alter the point of the matter, as not only have we never concealed the aims of the Soviet Union’s foreign policy, but have always endeavoured to make them known to everyone.”

Though the menaces are there all right—growling sombrely, like the distant hint of thunder in a summer sky—in the main this collection distills the image of a benign Mr. K., all on the smile. Much of the set specifying is repetitive and mechanical, like its inevitable reception, e.g. “*Animation in the hall. Applause. Prolonged applause. Stormy prolonged applause,*” etc. etc. While the reader quickly tires of these stereotyped orations, they are well worth a glance, if only for the nuances. “Allow me,” he tells the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, “to thank you, representatives of the Hungarian intelligentsia, for your kind welcome and the fine words spoken here about us, the Soviet Government, the Soviet people. We . . . are deeply touched by your reception.” Two paragraphs later, a

note of threatening banter begins to creep in, as he tells them “But comrades, you also have your difficulties. It is particularly clear to us, Soviet people, what difficulties some of the Hungarian intellectuals are experiencing.” And this in turn leads on to a brilliant and comic account of the role of the intellectual in a Marxist society, from which one culls the following highlight:

All of you know our great scientist, Ivan Petrovitch Pavlov. But do you happen to know that in 1935, when a world congress of physiologists convened in the Soviet Union, Pavlov only reluctantly agreed to address members of the Soviet Government as “Comrades People’s Commissars”? (*Laughter*).

When Pavlov went to Ryazan, his hometown, he was accorded a great reception there and given a glimpse of real life. He made a closer acquaintance with ordinary working men and saw what great progress they had achieved under the leadership of the Communists. After all, to put it figuratively, dedicated as he was entirely to science, Pavlov had mostly to deal with experimental monkeys and

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



16—FRED MAJDALANY
Films, Daily Mail

dogs. (*Laughter*.) He was isolated from social life, knew nothing of revolution. The October Socialist Revolution burst upon him like a bolt from the blue.

People who believe that Mr. K.’s *Tartarmensch*, so effectively displayed in Paris recently, automatically relegates him to the Hitler class, should read this book alongside the Führer’s appalling *Table-Talk 1941-44*, published in an English translation in 1953. Perhaps they will then realize that they are dealing with a very different personage—the shrewdest, the most intelligent and the most formidable ex-peasant that the contemporary world has yet produced.

NEW NOVELS

Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant. Anthony Powell. Heinemann, 16/-

The Paper Wall. Ira Morris. Chatto and Windus, 16/-

A Certain Compass. Lettice Cooper. Gollancz, 15/-

The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm. Lindsay Hardy. Jonathan Cape, 16/-

For fans of Anthony Powell what a comfort it is to think he has still only reached 1937 in his survey of the recent English social scene, and to speculate on the delights to come. Will Widmerpool, for instance, be appointed in the ripeness of time the Privy Councillor he is so well equipped to be? Will Quiggin finish on the Labour Party’s front bench? To the backward-looking reader the novels so far published recall with alarming clarity the dimmed comedy of his youth; Mr. Powell in his delicate satire vividly recaptures the talk and behaviour of the London fringe where sophistication met and merged with down-at-heels bohemianism. In the latest addition, *Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant*, Jenkins is married to Isobel Tolland, whose woolly brother goes off to make a nuisance of himself in Spain. The dominant theme is marriage; this time the special case-study is of the Maclinticks, a couple clawed together in savage disharmony, he an unsuccessful music critic—“broad-shouldered, yet somehow narrowing towards his lower extremities, his frontal elevation gave the impression of a large triangular kite about to float away into the sky upon the fumes of Irish whiskey . . .” A sombre supper with these uncompromising antagonists is perhaps the most memorable scene in the book, but another is certainly the party at Mrs. Foxe’s into which her son Stringham, now under restraint, dramatically erupts.

The Paper Wall analyses with some power the torments of a man of integrity haunted by the knowledge that he has betrayed a friend. Jordan Haliday is an American professor who, having led the fight against McCarthyism in his own university, wins a reputation as a rebel and goes, during a sabbatical

year, to lecture in Tokyo. The F.B.I. had got him in a corner shortly before he left and persuaded him in a weak moment to admit that a colleague had had leftist leanings in the 'thirties. The man loses his job; Haliday keeps his secret, but the results are irrevocable. He is eaten up by guilt and misery, so that even his happy marriage slowly goes on the rocks. Ira Morris presumably knows a Japanese university whose staff, poised so strangely between East and West, he draws delightfully. This is a philosophical novel about the nature of freedom, which explores intelligently the relationships of eggheads and conformists to a violently tragic end. Mr. Morris only fails with one character, an old Canadian unaccountably conceived in a vein of mock-Wodehouse.

In *A Certain Compass* it seems to me that Lettice Cooper has spun out to novel length what should have been a long short story. The result is that her heroine, who goes out to Italy convinced that her husband's so-called suicide while filming was really murder, takes too long finding too few clues, though the suspects are interesting enough and the Italian background is well done. This is only obliquely a novel of detection; Miss Cooper's interest in character goes deeper than mere crime demands, and in spite of a stretched plot she contrives to hold us by good writing.

For holiday reading that will take you to all the high spots on the Riviera I recommend *The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm*, an engagingly frivolous account of the machinations of a worldly old rascal who makes a fat living by marrying poverty-stricken young men to unsuspecting heiresses. Tangled as his plans become, he can generally talk his way out; he has an able team behind him and the object of the current exercise is a dazzling girl with a heart, and everything else, of gold. Lindsay Hardy, new to me, is a pleasing humorist with a light touch.

— ERIC KEOWN

BOOKMEN

Author Hunting. Grant Richards. *Unicorn Press*, 25/-
The Answer to Life is No. Rupert Hart-Davis, 16/-

Mr. Alec Waugh's introduction to this pious reprint of Grant Richards's bustling account of his early years as a publisher points out that, in 1934, readers were aware of his financial failure so that it seemed a sadder book than it does to-day. What strikes one now is the number of winners Richards picked. It artlessly reflects a period long after publishers had stopped being crooked booksellers or printers and slightly before they became front men for chartered accountants, a period of tremendous adventures in talent-spotting and an equanimity in the face of poor sales that was ultimately, I suppose, founded on low production costs. Richards lives in a flurry of exciting discoveries. Friends tell him of manuscripts and he rushes off after them, tearing open the covers with trembling fingers and throwing them to his wife to read; when he notices she is in tears he knows he has another winner. He was not the publisher as scholar or as business man, except in his own mind, so much as the publisher as gourmet and man of the world and, above all, as enthusiast.

The anonymous author of *The Answer to Life is No* loves books, but largely as an escape into an ample, aristocratic past. Instead of being able to sit surrounded by his family portraits and beautiful furniture and read and write, he is pestered by dreadful people who want him to pay his taxes. They even want him to earn his living. This he does mainly by being a slum landlord in the Paddington area. There is a good deal about his marital troubles, the squalor of the modern world and his taste in liquor—at one time he even has to drink "remaindered wine." As I rather think I once criticized the author for spoiling some fine prose by

lack of exterior reference, it is only fair to say that he now rubs the reader's nose in the sordidness of his surroundings. Unfortunately, there is no longer, as he might say, stardust in his inkpot.

— R. G. G. PRICE

COUNTER INTELLIGENCE

The Secret World. Peter Deriabin and Frank Gibney. *Arthur Barker*, 21/-

Though written in collaboration, and in the third person, this is in effect the autobiography of Peter Deriabin, a member of the Kremlin Guard who fled from behind the Iron Curtain in 1954. Born in 1921, the son of a small farmer in Siberia, he early became a dedicated Communist, and was for some time a trusted officer in what used to be called the Cheka. He occupied various high and confidential posts, the last of these being in Vienna, where he was chief of the S.K. (counter-intelligence organization). From Vienna he escaped to America, having lost faith in the cause which he had served for so long. The story of his recantation is familiar in outline but has seldom been told in so much detail, or with so much inside knowledge. His account of the Communist political machine is sufficiently spine-chilling, though not, perhaps, so very surprising; what will prove more fascinating to many readers are his revelations of the private lives of the party bosses and their friends, with whose various sexual and alcoholic foibles Mr. Deriabin is well acquainted since part of his job was to screen such irregularities from the Russian public. A clinical study of Soviet life might well, as he remarks, "make the Kinsey report look like a *Parents' Magazine* anthology."

The book is well-documented, and bears every mark of authenticity.

— JOCELYN BROOKE

ÉMIGRÉS IN ENGLAND

The French Exiles 1789-1815. Margery Weiner. *Murray*, 25/-

The year of the French Revolution brought a stream of French émigrés to England. Some of them came on an *émigration joyeuse*, under the happy illusion that they would have a short holiday and enjoy the pleasures of London Society. Some of them followed the *chemin de l'honneur* (as General de Gaulle was to do two centuries later): they believed that they could best serve their king and country abroad. And some of the émigrés arrived dishevelled and broken on the South Coast, only anxious to escape the guillotine. What sort of life did they lead over here, and what were their relations with Government, Society and people? What had they learnt and taught before, at last, in 1815, wearing the white cockade of the Bourbons, they returned to the France of the Restoration? Had they laid the foundations of the *Entente Cordiale*? Miss Weiner answers some of these questions in her account of these



"Would your missus like some rhubarb?"

twenty-six years of emigration. Her book is dully written but it is distinctly informative none the less.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

TRAVELS WITH ST. TERESA

The Great Teresa. Elizabeth Hamilton. *Chatto and Windus*, 21/-

The trouble with this book is that it bobs about too much between Miss Hamilton's reminiscences of her own travels in Spain and the life of St. Teresa. Miss Hamilton is clearly a charming and lively and interesting traveller, and it is a pleasure to read of her experiences, but the result is that St. Teresa gets a little crowded out and it is difficult to discover from this book why Teresa was the wholly remarkable person that she was. Miss Hamilton makes use of Teresa's private letters—particularly those to her brother. They are of the first importance, but they should, one cannot but feel, have appeared in a somewhat weightier surrounding context than that of a delightful travel book. Equally the constantly recurring jump to and fro between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries makes it difficult for the reader to think himself back into Teresa's period.

— CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

OPEN-AIR LIFE

No Place Like Home. Dominic Reeve. *Phanix House*, 16/-

The author of *Smoke in the Lanes* and his fellow Romanies (or travellers, as they like to be called, full-blooded Romani or no) must form the last community to slip through the tightening net of controls that bedevils our over-planned and regulation pattern society. His pet hates are the qualities engendered by acceptance of things as they are—humbug, complacency and the hygiene-crazed state of hypocrisy that clogs the rest of us, "all food wrapped but filled with chemicals, the air purified yet filled with atom hazards."

Here are the harsh realities of cold and wet when winter days "open and shut so quick"; frozen ground to overset your wagon, the luxury of a blazing fire negated by an icy hand at your back and the ever-present threat of persecution by a suspicious society that has no room for the individualist. But from all this a vigorous, uninhibited race has distilled a life of colour and excitement splendidly reflected in drawings by Beshlie, the author's wife.

— JOHN DURRANT

MODERN MAPS

Philips' Record Atlas. Geo. Philip, 27/6

Maps trail doggedly in the wake of politics, and this new edition of a very handy and inexpensive atlas was bang up-to-date until June 30, when its representation of the Belgian Congo (*sic*) became obsolete. But it's still less out-of-date than any atlas on the market.

CREDIT BALANCE

The World's Veteran to Vintage Cars. John Lloyd. *Macdonald*, 15/-. A pretty picture book of old cars, from an 1886 Hammel to a rather post-vintage 1936 E.R.A. The 179 illustrations contain most of the old favourites (sad, though, not to see a Rover 8, or a Metallurgique, or an Isotta-Fraschini) and several forgotten jewels like the 1923 Maudslay and the 40/50 Napier.

Commercial Road Vehicles. E. L. Cornwell. *Batsford*, 30/-. The history of lorries, buses and trams, steam, electric and internal-combustion, written with authority but not too much technicality and illustrated with a proper belief in nostalgia. An enchanting book that fills a too-long empty gap.

London Old and New. Ariel Press (distributed by André Deutsch), 50/-. Lovely old colour prints of London scenes contrasted with modern water-colours of the same views by Juan Sevilla Saez. Señor Saez's paintings have a rather touristy look beside the old prints, but the volume as a whole is a gem.

The Limits of Love. Frederic Raphael. *Cassell*, 18/-. Elaborate, floppy chronicle of Jewish family, concentrating on young during period from VE Day to Suez and ending as a loud cry of protest against this and that. Packed with interesting social observation, especially of Communist speech habits. Some episodes have a Dreiserian ungainly power. Everything from sad, detailed sex to arguments about philosophy. More worth reading than many slicker jobs.

Thief. Rupert Croft-Cooke. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 15/-. Tensely written account of career of young criminal who started early for excitement and got sucked into big crime syndicate. Mr. Croft-Cooke makes him sound much more attractive than he was.

5 Russian Plays. Trans. David Magarshack. *McGibbon & Kee*, 18/-. The plays are Gogol's *The Government Inspector*, Ostrovsky's *The Storm*, Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness*, Chekov's *Uncle Vanya* and Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, and the new translations are first-class. In a volume so suited for wide popularity, some guidance on the pronunciation of Russian names would have been a good idea, though.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



ROY DAVIS

FOR WOMEN



Now Look What You've Done!

ONE can scarcely pick up a magazine these days without running across a bit of smug self-congratulation by some benighted editress on the death-throes of the schoolgirl's uniform. Of course it was ugly—that was the whole point of it. That of my own old school, for example: navy gym-slip, square-necked, long-sleeved blouse (pattern unvaried since 1890 or thereabouts) black felt bowler in winter, white panama pudding-basin in summer, and—a daring innovation in my day—beige open-weave summer slips which, when we swarmed out of the formrooms at break, made it seem as if some giant gardener had turned over an enormous stone.

The crux of the matter is that schoolgirls are, on the whole, ugly: they are spotty; their hair either won't go the way they want it to, or (worse still) it will; their figures leave a great deal to be passionately desired. And since (if education means anything at all) they are supposed to be fully occupied in learning to love the highest when they see it, The Uniform, in which everyone looks the same, front, side or back, is a good old equalizer and ironer-out of complexes which otherwise might impede the job in hand.

Naturally, we all grumbled like mad about it, and many were the pseudo-smart shapes into which we tortured our bowlers (the pudding-basins resisted all manipulation). But when we reached Prefect status we had what was laughingly called the privilege of wearing non-uniform. In fact we were forbidden to wear that ugly old uniform except for games and gym. And then, oh, then how we missed it! Everything in our non-uniform wardrobes seemed to have been meant for a Shape, which we either hadn't got at all or had in too great abundance. From jaunty, carefree schoolgirls we turned, overnight, into neurotic,

complex-ridden spinsters, nervously smoothing our skirts over our hips and pulling our tummies in (or at any rate, less *out*), and painfully, shamefully conscious, all the time, of never looking exactly right for any occasion.

I am not suggesting that our daughters feel quite like this about being freed from their uniform. But it does seem to set them insoluble sartorial problems at an age when they would do better to concentrate on arithmetic. For example, "Shoes of own choice, indoor, brown," can lead mother and daughter on a week's trek through the London shoe-shops. Mother, daughter and school are agreed that they should fit, but daughter has two further stipulations: (a) they must rile Matron without actually giving her any solid ground for complaint, and (b) they must approximate to daughter's Platonic Idea of "casuals"—she can't

describe this, but she knows it when she sees it: unfortunately, she never sees it in her size. "Dress for School Dance (optional)" is another source of trouble: daughter looks at least three years older than her age, and knows it; unlike us at the same age, she doesn't want to dress it. What she wants is something simple and *chic* that doesn't make her look like a precocious tart or a superannuated Fairy Queen—but this is just what she can't get. No one caters for the girl who looks older than her age, in spite of the fact that nearly all modern children do. That hideous uniform really would save a lot of frustration.

"But," people say, "children do so hate a uniform!" Do they? I can find no evidence of it. If one child goes back to school with a yellow skirt *appliquéd* with stage-coaches in black, by half-term the whole school will have that same skirt, even if the mothers have had to cut out and sew on the stage-coaches themselves. If there's going to be a uniform anyway it might as well be chosen with some regard for seamlessness and practicability.

My one consolation is that while our children struggle with all these problems we mothers have reverted to an approximation of that dear old uniform: "brief" (short), "understated" (plain), "waistline just indicated" (no waistline, but something to show where it would be if there were one), "gentle" (shapeless). Even the old hairband over the eyebrows has come back into fashion. Hideous? Yes. But for pity's sake, just for once, let well enough alone. Don't go trying to liberate me! You've done enough harm already.

—KATHARINE DOWLING

Dear Clemmy

MY husband's mother's cookery book has recently and fortuitously come into my hands, a circumstance which has done more than the possession of a large and forbidding portrait and a boring pair of Louis XIV chairs worked by her hands ever did to get me acquainted with an imposing personality who had disappeared from the scene long before I came on it, God rest her soul.

Madame Mère was English but her third husband was a French artillery officer and the cookery book covers the period spent in the garrison town of

Le Mans, where, family tradition has it, she kept a wonderful table.

That was back in the 'eighties and Clementina was evidently a great one for picking up recipes (as well as husbands) as she went along. No one's culinary secrets were safe when Clemmy was around.

On page forty, for instance, I read a recipe for *Oeufs à la Tripe—recette de la cuisinière de la marquise de Calhouët*. And on page five is a recipe for *Abricots à la Bourdaloue* picked up from the chef at Bagnoles; while further on is one for *Croquettes de Volaille* given her,

so the book says, by *le chef du duc de la Rochefoucauld*. (Clemmy, how did you tap the Duke's chef?)

There is even a very rich recipe for a Christmas pudding headed *Plum Pouding de la Reine Victoria*. How did she get that one? And who gave her *Pommes de Terre cuites d'après les Cosacques de 1812*—a hearty dish dripping with *bonne graisse* and reeking with *ail*?

Clementina's favourite English dishes went with her to France, lightly disguised under French names. Thus we have *Gâteaux de Roc*, *Pouding de Canari*, *Pouding de Cabinet*.

Toad-in-the-Hole is left in English, I note, as is Bubble-and-Squeak. And in the case of the latter, my mother-in-law's courage seems to have failed before her cook's *moue*; for nothing but the title of the recipe is recorded. Beneath it is a blank space. Evidently Le Mans in the 'eighties could not take it.

The cookery book is charming to look at. Bound in black leather, tooled in gold, it has "Album" embossed on its cover. And inside the leaves are many coloured—pink, blue, lavender, primrose. It probably started out as a scrap-book for on one pink page is a newspaper cutting about Bognor:

"Bognor is a quiet place, that is it is not a large place, neither are there any very gay amusements. There is a good sea and a nice pier upon which wheel chairs are frequently seen."

Dear Clemmy, that bit about the wheel chairs makes me feel very tender towards you. No one had ever told me about the bother you had with your legs, though I should have guessed it the moment I read about the *Abricots à la Bourdaloue* that you got from the chef at Bagnoles (phlebitis). And to think that all the time you were leading a gay life in Le Mans your secret yearning was for a nice quiet ride in a nice Bath chair on the nice pier overlooking a good sea at Bognor.

And while you were giving tea and sympathy to your husband's subalterns in the salon you seem to have been suffering from toothache too. Poor Clemmy. For hot on the bit on Bognor comes yet another revealing cutting:

"Dr. Blake recently stated that he was able to cure the most desperate case of toothache . . . by the application of the following recipe: alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; mix and apply to the tooth."

Upside-down and reading from the other end of the album is a list of my mother-in-law's personal linen, dating back this time to the middle 'seventies, when she was the wife of an English naval captain (a Spanish diplomat comes between him and the French artillery

officer). It is a list to put our limited nylon frippery to shame.

12 pairs openwork thread stockings
8 pairs silk stockings
2 pairs odd ditto
2 pairs stays
2 Linen night gowns
6 Cambric Countess ditto
4 Best calico ditto
4 Ordinary use ditto
3 Countess Ball shifts
6 New Linen Nice shifts
6 Mentone Linen shifts
1 New Linen shift
4 pair Countess Ball drawers
1 New Pair Calico drawers
8 pairs Countess Cambric drawers
1 pair odd drawers
3 Flannel petticoats
10 Bodices.

No, Clemmy darling, I'm not making fun of you. I'm really terribly jealous of your fourteen pairs of drawers and three husbands—I who rub along on two and one. — PHYLLIS HEATHCOTE

Generous Description

I FIND "the fuller figure"
A soothing sort of phrase,
Implying one is bigger
In all the nicer ways.
(Well-nourished, for example;
Contented in the mind;
A calm, curvaceous sample
Of healthy womankind;
A laughter-lover, basking
Where life is rich enough
In oysters for the asking
And servants for the rough.)
Though I don't mind confessing
I'd find this phrase to be
A trifle more distressing
If it applied to me.

— HAZEL TOWNSON



"There isn't the demand nowadays. TV seems to have killed the art of conversation."

Toby Competitions

No. 123.—Exercise in Persuasion

COMPETITORS are asked to write a letter to a mass-circulation newspaper appealing for support in saving a Neolithic camp which is threatened with having an Old People's Home built on it. Limit: 100 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by first post on Wednesday, July 27. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 123, *Punch*, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.**

Report on Competition No. 120 (*Haven't we the Gaiety*)

Competitors were invited to invent and describe a new Festival suitable for celebration in July. Rain dances were popular and so were traffic jams. The note of gaiety was almost entirely missing. The winner is:

MARY PEARCE
39 LANGLEY PARK ROAD
IVER, BUCKS

GABY DAY is observed in Junior Schools on the last day of the summer term, when unsuccessful 11-plus candidates bid farewell to their more fortunate companions. Two rows are formed at the gates, and on the stroke of four the future Secondary Modern pupils (the "Gabies"), standing behind, kick their former playmates across the threshold (in the direction of their new school, where this is feasible). Next the "Gabies," carrying bunches of dandelions and bottles of lemonade, and frequently

accompanied by their parents, march in picturesque procession to the house of the Divisional Education Officer. The lemonade is drunk, bottles are smashed, dandelions and broken glass strewn on the doorstep, and a tripwire stretched across. So ends another Gaby Day.

The following earn book tokens:

July, zenith of the two-weeks-with-pay season, is also the month of FLAPO (Festival of London and Provincial Offices). Highlights of the Festival include:

1. The Organization Game

(Twenty-five men are placed each in authority over the next. No one man may take a step forward without arguing its validity with each of the men ahead of him.)

2. The Committee Dance

(A variation of the old May-pole. Twelve characters weave intricately round and round a fixed point without getting anywhere.)

3. The Rat Race

(Symbolic "achievements" are placed along a narrow course. Examples: a secretary, a carpet, a larger desk, a dictaphone, two secretaries, etc., etc. Competitors jostle for precedence—no holds barred.)

4. The Business Lunch

A state (provided) banquet.
Avril Blake, Rock House, Maplehurst, Horsham, Sussex

RIDDANCE DAY, the fourth of July and self-explanatory. Solemn *Te Deum* (a Royal occasion) in apt church (for 1961, at Boston, Lincs). Award of prizes for, and public reading of, odes in praise of a Peculiar Institution (for 1961, Tube-station advertisements). Ceremonial booing of the

English Speaking Union by pack of picked children, and breaking of prebroken window by a Royal child. Dancing on the Green (Passport), by teams from the reception staffs of London hotels.

Piggott Smith, The Dam, Ditchingham, Bungay, Suffolk

BRITISH RAILWAYS SUMMER FESTIVAL.

To promote a sympathetic interest in British Railways. During the Festival many vintage and historic locomotives being prepared for holiday traffic will be on view. **Competitions.**

I. Coach Crowding Competition.

Open to teams of students. Present Record: Bristol University, 32 men in a standard 8-seater compartment.

II. Microphone Announcements Test.

Competitors to announce a simple monosyllabic statement to achieve maximum unintelligibility. The use of pebbles or plums prohibited.

III. Porters' Slow Race.

Competitors to race 100 yards carrying a suitcase in each hand. Perceptible movements of the legs must be maintained at all times.

L. Goldman, 2 Newborough Road, Shirley, Solihull, Warwickshire

The rumour that cars were to be banned from the roads at week-ends started it all. On the last Sunday in July the "Beating the Roads" Festival will reach its climax. The object of the Festival (sponsored by the A.A. and R.A.C.) is to pack every inch of road from the coast inland with cars standing bumper to bumper from midday to 6.0 p.m.

At 6.0 p.m. precisely all the cars will about face and stand bumper to bumper from the inland towns outwards to the coast until midnight. This festival is to be held annually to show the solidarity of motorists and to re-establish each year the right of cars to move freely about our roads.

Neil M. Jordan, "Trees," 30 Kings Mount, Leeds 17

THE RASPBERRY-FREEZERS HARVEST HOME

This charming carnival procession enlivens many conurbations. It derives its inspiration from nature—the natural urge to sell more frozen raspberries. A hundred maidens take part, dressed in spotless white drip-dry overalls and caps of plastic raspberry leaves. There are a series of floats that progress slowly through the peak shopping centres. First, the Vitamins, bearing a giant frosted raspberry and towing a dangling effigy of malnutrition. (A spoonful of sugar and bowl of cream is often added, according to sponsors participating.) Then the central Spirit of July with its gleaming freezing plant swallowing a cascade of raspberries that soon emerge as neat hygienic packages. Happy Days follows on which a vast refrigerator continuously revolves. Raspberry Flan is followed by Jack Frost which stops here and there for the assembled throng to buy ice-cream and samples.

A. D. Wilson, 16 Addison Crescent, London, W.14

"We're still not satisfied with the safeguarding clause in the Nuclear Holocaust Survivors' Redistribution of Profits Scheme."

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